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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

The Tempter and the Tempted. By the Baroness de Calabrella. 3 vols. London, T. Miller. The advent of a new lady-authoress into the Novel course, with such high claims to notice as this publication presents, has tempted us from our usual course, to offer it merely a hasty welcome, and await another week for the justification of our praise. But the *Tempter and the Tempted* merits this reception by the originality and talent displayed in its conception and execution. It resembles no work of fiction of the present day; and restores us, in some of its main features, to the productions of older times, when a Richardson so finely banished all the minute motives hidden from common perceptions in the human heart, and developed in action those mixed and complicated principles of our nature which philosophy delights to detect at the fountain-head, and follow through all their ramifications as they operate on individual conduct, the peculiar movements of society, and the general conditions of life. The grand qualities of simplicity, naturalness, and truth, are eminently possessed by these volumes. Every character is not only distinctly drawn, but the motions of their minds are unfolded, and the causes, slight or important, are assigned for all the effects which the singular skill and acumen of the accomplished writer have called into being. The realisation is perfect; till it would seem as if the secret soul of each person had been laid bare to be anatomised, and every doing traced to the inmost recesses of thought or feeling. This sort of composition has rare charms for the contemplative reader; whilst the story hurries on the more curious through an endless diversity of incidents and changes. Like the works of De Foe, it is impossible to fancy that any of the circumstances did not take place, or that any of the actors in these scenes are imaginary personages. They live and breathe; and we learn, more distinctly than we could gather if we were observing them in our own circle, what ideas wrought in their breasts, and why their opinions and sentiments were altered, and their passions moved. We not only see the watch, but its inner wheels—the steam-carriage flying onward, but the power and the machinery which impel it.

None but a woman could have written this novel; and one, too, who had seen much of the world, and keenly scrutinised all the bearings of social life. The tact with which the varying relations of the *dramatis persone*, whether dependent on emotions or events, are described, is truthfulness itself; and we are happily spared from those clap-trap situations and exaggerated pictures which are the deformities of too many of the ablest fictions which now issue from the press. Matters flow on and changes occur as in every-day existence; and yet there is an interest kept up which never suffers the attention to flag for a moment. The pathetic and the ridiculous are happily intermingled; and the whole tells a lesson of high moral import, where virtue may be steadied to its duties, and vice be warned from its indulgences.

We will return to this announcement on Sa-

turday; and meanwhile repeat our tribute to the excellencies of a performance so new in its matter and manner; so intimately conversant with humanity, and yet so full of interesting action; in short, so well deserving of a place among the best works of the class to which it belongs. Three shorter tales of great variety and beauty occupy the concluding half of the last volume.

Eva, a True Story, of Light and Darkness; the Ill-omened Marriage; and other Tales and Poems. By Sir E. Lytton Bulwer, Bart., author of "Eugene Aram," "Rienzi," &c. &c. Pp. 215. London, Saunders and Otley.

As a preface to our review of this volume of poetry, from an author so distinguished in other respects, we take leave to quote from it the following stanzas:—

"The True Critic,
Taste is to sense, as charity to soul,
A bias less to censure than to praise;
A quick perception of the arduous whole,
Where the dull eye some careless flaw surveys.
Every true critic—from the Stagyrite
To Schlegel and to Addison—hath won
His fame by serving a reflected light,
And clearing vapour from a clouded sun,
Who envies him whose microscopic eyes
See but the canker in the glorious rose?
Not much, I ween, the Zoulin we prize,
Though even Homer may at moments doze.
Praiso not to me the sharp sarcastic sneer,
Mocking the fame which Genius builds to Time.
High works are Sabbaths to the soul! Revere
E'en some rare discord in the solemn chime.
When on the gaze the Venus dawns divine,
The Cobbler comes the slipper to condemn;
The Slave alone descends into the mine
To work the dross—the Monarch wears the gem."

Desirous, as far as our ability lies, in this as in all other cases, to evince our perception of an arduous whole and serve a reflected light, we revert for our canon to Sir Edward Bulwer's introductory remarks and exposition of his design. After contrasting the abstract imaginings of Shelley with the serene philosophy of Wordsworth, he goes on to say:—

"The poems now submitted to the public have been chiefly composed with a more humble ambition, and in a class of poetry eminently national indeed, but long neglected and disused—a poetry demanding neither 'the ethereal thought' of Shelley nor the 'mighty line' of Wordsworth—a poetry addressing itself rather to the heart than the intellect, and seeking appeals to familiar emotion in succinct and simple narrative or direct and positive picture."

And in the way of farther explanation he adds:—

"It is impossible for the writer not to be fully aware of all the disadvantages under which he labours in the hazard he now adventures—not only, in common with his more gifted brethren, in the practical and busy character of the times, but in the natural reluctance, even of the impartial, to allow merit in verse to one whom they have been long accustomed to meet in the less lofty element of prose—a reluctance strengthened and justified by the remembrance of the worthless rhymings of his youth, for which (it may be in vain and unheeded) his manhood offers this atonement. And yet, whatever be the fate of this volume (the labour of his love)—if censure now and neglect hereafter

—the author can never regret that brief return into earlier and happier life which it is the privilege of poetry to bestow. The flower of every man's mind is the poetical part of it; and this slight publication, whatever its demerits, comprises in itself the ripest and less imperfect forms yet vouchsafed to him, whom, at least, it has often beguiled and soothed—of the fancies or ideas which make the calm philosophers, and the restless—only authors!"

It seems evident to us, from the first of these quotations, that the author somewhat limited and debarred himself from the higher regions of poetry and genius; and that the standard by which his effusions are to be tried does not reach the lofty epic, nor touch the sublime; but is of familiar human elevation, appealing to the common heart, and resting on the natural affections. We are therefore to expect nothing dazzling, however pure; nothing striking, however forcible; nothing appalling, however pathetic; and nothing elaborate, however philosophical. Clearness and simplicity are the elements of such compositions. Like the best pictures of a Wilkie, they are addressed to the general sense; and neither partake of that grandeur with which a Michael Angelo assails the kindred soul, or of that exalted impress which in the noblest productions of art seek for approval, not from the multitude of mankind, but from the few who can appreciate their difficulties overcome and their splendid qualities attained.

With these views turn we to a volume of attractive poetry, founded on the ancient narrative and ballad school of England; partly refined to modern taste, and every where studed with graceful thoughts and sparkles of beauty, both in imagination and language. As examples of this, and, as we repeat, applying the "standard" we have endeavoured to describe as the *juste milieu*, we proceed to cite *The Desire of Fame*, as an interesting exhibition of the writer's individual feelings, and a pleasant proof of his poetic powers.

"I do confess that I have wish'd to give
My land the gift of no ignoble name,
And in that holier life have sought to live,
Whose air, the Hope of Fame.

"Do I lament that I have seen the bays,
Denied my own, nor worthier brows above?
Foes quick to scoff and friends afraid to praise—
More hate than Love?

"Do I lament that roseate youth has flown,
In the hard labour grudg'd his niggard meed,
And cull from far and juster lands alone
Few flowers from many a seed?

"No!—for whoever, with an earnest soul,
Strives for some end from this tow'rd afar,
Still upward travels, though he miss the goal,
And strays—but towards a star!

"Better than Fame is still the wish for Fame,
The constant training for a glorious strife:—
The Athlete, nurtured for the Olympian Game,
Gains strength, at least, for Life.

He who desires the conquest over Time,
Already lives in some immortal dream,
And the Thought glides beneath th' Ideal Clime
With moonlight on its stream!

"I thank thee, Hope, if vain, all blessed still,
For much that makes the soul forget the clay;
The morning dew still balm'd the sad'den hill,
Though sun forsakes the day.

And what is Fame but Faith in holy things
That sooths the life and shall outlive the tomb?
A reverent listening for some angel-wings
That cower above the gloom?

To gladden earth with beauty, or men's lives
To serve with Action, or their souls with Truth—
These are the ends for which the Hope survives
Th' ignoble thirsts of Youth.

And is not this a Sister-Hope with thee,
Lovely Religion—foe alike to Time?
Does not God's smile light Heaven, on earth to see
Man's faith in ends sublime?

No!—I lament not—though these leaves may fall
From the sear'd branches on the desert plain,
Mock'd by the idle winds that waft—and all
Life's blooms—(its last)—in vain.

If vain for others—not in vain for me!—
Who builds an altar let him worship there! [Be,
What needs the crowd?—though lone the Shrine may
Not hallow'd less the Prayer!

Enough if, haply, in the after-days,
When by the altar sleeps the funeral stone—
When gone the mists our wizard passions raise,
And Truth is seen alone;

When Calumny its prey can wound no more,
And fawns its late repentance on the dead—
If gentle footsteps from some kindlier shore
Pause by the narrow bed;

Or if you children, whose young sounds of glee
Float to mine ear the evening gales along,
Recalls some echo, in their years to be,
Of not all-perished song;

Taking some spark to glad the hearth, or light
The student-lamp from now-neglected fires;
And one sad memory in the Sons requite
What—I forgive the Sires!"

To our ear and our mind this is a charming composition. It flows from the genuine source, and speaks to the genuine emotion. But we must not continue to quote whole poems; only here and there select a gem. In the *Fairy Bride* (which reminds us of *Oberon* and its estimable translator, the kind-hearted Sotheby) the following are sweet stanzas on her loss:—

"Alas, in vain his heart address,
With sighs, with prayers, his elfin bride;
What though the vow conceal'd the name,
Did not the boast the charms proclaim?
The spell has vanish'd from his breast,
The fairy from his side.

Oh, not for vulgar homage made,
The holier beauty formed for one;
It asks no wreath the arm can win;
Its lists—its world—the heart within;
All love most sacred haunts the shade—
The star shrinks from the sun!"

From the longest piece, *The Ill-Omened Marriage*, altogether a well-wrought domestic tale,—indeed, a novel in verse,—we will try to select a few of the beauties. Lord Ruthven has married the daughter of a merchant whom he has restored to wealth and consideration; he loves her deeply, but is blighted by the discovery, on their bridal evening, that her affections had been previously bestowed on another. They agree to live as if no marriage had taken place; and, in this unhappiness, events occur which lead to an utter change of sentiments. But, as we have likened the production to a novel, we will not anticipate more, to deprive readers of the pleasure of the *dénouement*. The picture of the heroine,—

"Fair was thy face, young Constance; yet more fair,
In fallen fortunes, to the father's eyes!
One flower looks lovelier in the wintry air
Than all the garden in the summer skies.
Cradled in luxury, reared to happy youth,
By all that wakes the pride or lulls the pain,
With every grace that half redeems to truth
The siren music of the flatterer's strain,
Fresh from the world she came, the gloom to share,
And lull to patience the vex'd soul of care;
For there are hues to gentler nature given,
Which shine not forth till trouble cloud the heaven;
And then, the glory from the trouble won,
Bright on the Iris stream the rays that leave the sun."

She is neglected by her first lover.

"Yet still fair Constance, in her lone retreat,
Cherish'd the woman's fond belief in truth—
They who deserve not, dream not of deceit:
Faith in the loved is thy religion, youth!"

Her struggles, when addressed by the noble-natured Ruthven, lead to a fine reflection:

"But when alone! oh, then to muse—to start,
To hear the conscience task the bleeding heart!
Ah, what a world were this, if all were known,
And smiles in crowds were traced to tears alone!"

The ancient residence of Ruthven, into which he fondly and proudly receives his bride, is graphically described.

"For Ruthven went before, that first of all
His voice might welcome to his fathers' hall.
There, on the antique walls, the lamp from high
Shewed the stern wrecks of battle-storms gone by;
Gleam'd the blue mail, indented with the glaive,
Droop'd the dull banner, breezless, on the stave;
Below the Gothic masks, grotesque and grim,
Carved from the stonework, like a wizard's whim,
Hung the accoutrements that lent a grace
To the old warrior-pastime of the chase;
Cross-bows by hands long dust once defly borne;
The hawk's eye, the huntsman's soundless horn;
On the huge hearth the hospitable flame
Lit the dark portrait in its mouldering frame;
There many a night, in many a field renown'd,
On their new daughter from their silence frown'd;
To the young stranger, shivering to behold,
The home she entered seem'd the tomb of old."

His state of mind, on the contrary, offers an equally poetical contrast:

"Back to his hall Lord Ruthven's steps repair,
Proud of the pomp that love hath come to share;
With a light step the solemn floors he strode,
And his glad heart from its full deeps o'erflow'd.
He, too, had thanks, than hers more meet for heaven—
Lo, to his lonely ark, the dove was given!
Above the deluge of the past around,
Rose the bright refuge-hill with morning crown'd;
And girdling heaven, though based upon the wild,
The rainbow arch of God's glad promise smil'd.
He passed the porch, he gained the balmy air—
Still croon'd the night-winds in their forest-lair;
The moonlight silvers the unrustling pines,
On the hushed lake the trembling glory shines;
A stately shadow o'er the crystal brink,
Reflects the shy sash as it halts to drink;
And the slow cygnet, where it midway glides,
Breaks into sparkling rings the faintly heaving tides.
Wandering along his boy-hood's haunts, he mused;
The hour, the heaven, the bliss his soul suffused;
It seemed all hatred from the world had flown,
And left to Nature, Love and God alone!
E'en holiest passion, holier rendered there,
His every thought breath'd gentle as a prayer."

The discovery, which blasts all his hopes, ensues; and the next Part (IV.) is introduced by these reflective lines:

"Ah, yes, philosopher, thy creed is true!
'Tis our own eyes that give the rainbow's hue:
What we call matter, in this outer earth,
Takes from our senses, those warm dutes, its birth.
How fair, to stiess Adam, Eden smiled;
But sin brought tears, and Eden was a wild!
Man's soul is an everlasting dream,
Glassing life's fictions on a phantom stream:
To-day, in glory all the world is clad—
Wherefore, O man?—because thy heart is glad!
To-morrow, and the selfsame scene survey—
'The same!' Oh, no!—the pomp hath passed away!
Wherefore the change? Within, go ask reply—
Thy heart hath given its winter to the sky!
Vainly the world revolves upon its pole;—
Light—darkness—seasons—these are in the soul!"

Time flies:

"And Ruthven—Oh, how altered from of yore!
The cold-eyed lord of the neglected bride,
Then, half in wrath and half in fear, his breast
Doubtful to warn (or warning oft but speeds
The very peril, which when once express'd
Becomes familiar, till its dread recedes,
And, from weak tears refresh'd, burst forth the poison-seeds.")"

Here is another acute observation tersely expressed:

"True, there was nought in Constance to reprove;
But still, what hypocrite like lawless love!"

The confession at last is also charmingly given in a couplet:

"Melting in sobs, and happy tears—and words
Swept into music from long-silent chords."

Now as, in "The True Critic," the clearing of vapour is allowed, though it may be we are only microscopically finding out cankers in the rose, we must add, that there is an occasional harshness in the construction, and want of harmony in the rhythm, in this as in several others of these poems; and, sooth to say, perhaps from

some ill-omened condition of our temperament, the conclusion of the *Ill-omened Marriage*,—we mean the last four lines,—though indicating a large organ of philoprogenitiveness, excites in us ideas of a very dull kind. We would also blame the obscurity of these lines, though we can gather their meaning:

"And Ruthven still the proud lip could deceive,
Till the proud man forgot the proud in smiling grief."

One fault more of the same sort to notice, is one of the constructive difficulties, and we have done:

"The father heard;—and in his hands he wield'd
His face abash'd, and voice to courage fail'd."

From Eva we still more dislike the following, in which both rhyme and sentiment appear to us at fault:

"Oh sweet the jasmine's buds of snow
In morning soft with May,
And sweet in summer's silent glow
The brooklet's merry play;
But sweeter in that lonely place
To God it must have been,
To see the maiden's happy face
That bless'd the home within."

But we are not going to end with censures where we find so much to admire, and so much to interest us. "The Last Separation" is one of the finest poems in the volume; but having been published before, we abstain from quoting it, even though it might be read with pleasure a hundred times. Nearly like praise, but accompanied by the same reason for non-repetition, applies to a shorter composition, "To a withered Tree in June;" and we must resort for a poetical conclusion to the subjoined selections:—

"The Sabbath.

Fresh glides the brook and blows the gale,
Yet yonder halts the quiet mill;

The whirling wheel, the rushing sail,
How motionless and still!

Six days stern labour shuts the poor
From nature's careless banquet-hall;

The seventh, an angel opens the door,

And, smiling, welcomes all!

A Father's tender mercy gave
This holy respite to the breast,
To breathe the gale, to watch the wave,
And know—the wheel may rest!

Six days of toil, poor child of Cain,
Thy strength thy master's slave must be;

The seventh, the limbs escape the chain—

A God hath made thee free!

The fields that yester-morning knew

Thy footsteps as their serf, survey;

On thee, as them, descends the dew,

The baptism of the day.

Fresh glides the brook and blows the gale,

But yonder halts the quiet mill;

The whirling wheel, the rushing sail,

How motionless and still!

So rest, O weary heart!—but, lo,
The church-spires, glinting up to heaven,

To warn thee where thy thoughts should go

The day thy God hath given!

Long through the landscape's solemn rest,

The spire its moral points on high,—

O soul, at peace within the breast,

Rise, mingling with the sky!

They tell thee, in their dreaming school,

Of power from old dominion hurl'd,

When rich and poor, with juster rule,

Should share the affer'd world.

Alas! since Time itself began,

That fable hath but fool'd the hour;

Each age that ripens power in man,

But subjects man to power.

Yet every day in seven, at least,

One bright republie shall be known;

Man's world awhile hath surely ceased;

When God proclaims his own.

Six days may rank divide the poor,

O Dives, from thy banquett—

The seventh the Father opes the door,

And holds his feast for all."

"Memories the Food of Love.

When shall we come to that delightful day,
When each can say to each, 'Dost thou remember?'
Let our fill urns with rose-leaves in our May,
And live the thrifty sweetness for December!

For who may deem the reign of love secure,
Till in a mighty past is built his throne?—
Here is a star each vapour can obscure,
Memory the only empire all our own.

Tis the hearts' home to have a world in time,
Of happy thoughts that we have known before;
Hearing, in common words, the holy chime
Of those sweet sabbath-bells—the dreams of yore.

It doth thou ask me, with that bashful eye,
"If I shall love thee evermore as now?"
Feasting as fondly on the sure reply,
As if my lips were virgin of the vow!

sweet does that question, "Wilt thou love me?" fall
Upon the heart that has forsworn its will;
But when the words hereafter we recall,
"Dost thou remember?"—shall be sweeter still!

"Love and Fune."

It was the May when I was born,
Soft moonlight through the casement streamed,
And still, as it were yester-morn,
I dream the dream I dreamed.

I saw two forms from Fairy Land,
A long the moonbeam gently glide,
Until they halted, hand in hand,
My infant couch beside.

With smiles the cradle bending o'er,
I heard their whispered voices breathe—
The one a crown of diamond wore,
The one a myrtle-wreath;

Twin brothers from the better clime,
A poet's spell hath lured to thee;
Say, which shall, in the coming time,
Thy chosen fairy be?

I stretched my hand, as if my grasp
Could snatch the toy from either brow;
And found a leaf within my clasp,
One leaf—as fragrant now!

If both in life may not be won,
Be mine, at least, the gentler brother—
For he whose life deserves the one,
In death may gain the other."

And from "Love's Exaggerations" two stanzas:

"In every land, love's language still
A sacred learning to the few;
A folly to their solemn skill,
Who hold the real for the true;—
Pount of the lavish, joyous youth,
It sports with every star above;—
Give sober words to meager truth,
The wildest to the truths of love."

We need hardly remark how much these latter quotations must remind the poetical reader of the earlier bards, who revelled in English song; their prototypes are in the golden days of Elizabeth and the next half-century; and as we remember those, so will future generations remember these.

The Jokes of the Cambridge Coffee-Houses in the Seventeenth Century. Edited by J. O. Halliwell, Esq. Pp. 69. Tilt and Bogue.

This collection of early anecdotes exhibits the sources of many a Joe, and many another. It serves also (as Mr. H. observes) "to shew the state of this class of literature during that period; and are also fair specimens of books that served in the place which our periodical literature has since supplied."

As, however, we do not like old jokes so well as old friends or old wine, we shall pick out a few of those which are the most piquant, and (to us) as good as new.

"The Complaisant Husband."—A gentleman, seeing his wife in a very sullen mood, asked her how she did. She answered him that she was not sick, nor yet very well. Nay, quoth he, then I may even turn thee out of doors, for I only promised to cherish thee "in sickness or health;" which answer awakened her sullen humour."

"The Doctor puzzled."—A gentleman who was very lame in one of his legs, without any outward show of any thing, having sent for the surgeon, he, more honest than ordinary, told him it was in vain to meddle with it, for it was only old age that was the cause. "But why, then," said the gentleman, "should not my

other leg be as lame as this, seeing that the one is no older than the other?"

"Comparative Misery."—One having an extreme bad cough, said, "If one cough be so very troublesome, what would a man do if he had twenty?"

"Example better than Precept."—A father seeing his son doing mischief, cried out, "Sirrah, did you ever see me do so when I was a boy?"

"Ringing the Changes."—One speaking of the wind said it was the most changeable thing in the world; "for I went," says he, "up Cheapside in the morning, and it was at my back; and in less than half-an-hour afterwards, when I returned, I found it in my face."

Practical Observations on Homœopathy; with a variety of Cases tending to prove its decided superiority over the ordinary system of medicine. By W. Broackes, M.D. and M.R.C.S. Third edition, 8vo, pp. 150. London, Hurst. *Homœopathic Documents;* being the authentic bases of Homœopathy in its reformed and no longer mystical state, &c. &c. Translated and annotated by W. Broackes, M.D., &c. 8vo, pp. 152. London, Hurst.

We were for a moment in doubt whether we should review the subject or the books before us; but after carefully perusing them, we find that in this case the books are the subject, only treated of by the same person in two different lights—at least this is the impression we have received; and we shall so place them, that the intelligent reader will probably be similarly convinced:—

From the Practical Observations.

On Hahnemann.

"An individual who has done more to improve the science of medicine than any man who has preceded him for centuries,"—p. 102. "Germany, Austria, Russia, France, and Poland, have already done homage to the soundness of its doctrine."—p. 147.

"Nor did he publish that theory, which it had caused him so much labour to mature, till twenty years of silent and incessant application had taught him to classify, compare, and connect all the results he had obtained."—p. 109.

It would scarcely be believed that such difference of opinion existed in one person as to Hahnemann's character and doctrines; and it must therefore excite less surprise, if there should be also much difference of opinion among the profession at large. Dr. Broackes, with a manly sincerity which does him great honour, having found by experience that the dogmatism of Hahnemann, which he had at first espoused, did not bear him out in practice, has since adopted only so much of the principle as seemed to him good, and thus his "second thoughts" may well be received as marked improvements on the original theory. But, in truth, the study of the doctrines of homœopathy demands much exercise both of judgment and attention; they are not to be overthrown by ridicule, nor yet blindly and enthusiastically followed, without danger to any practitioner; but like every thing founded on experiment, they merit at the hands of all a philosophic

investigation. The publication of cases does not, as in medical science, contribute to knowledge, because the mode of treatment is not specified; and there is then nothing to distinguish them from charlatanerie; but there is much in the principles advocated by homœopaths that is highly valuable to medical science generally; and if there is really to be a reformed homœopathy wrought out by Dr. Broackes, or any other able practitioner, we shall hail its advent with pleasure as a step to a comprehensible, and, perchance, sensible practice. As preliminaries to this reform, we give the few following specimens of a mind reforming itself:

From the Practical Observations.

"It were wiser, therefore, not to persevere in investigating the cause of disease, which can never be clearly ascertained, but to proceed at once to its symptoms."—p. 51.

"Remove then the symptoms, and what more can be reasonably required?"—p. 51.

"Under whatever name, neither the novelty nor the specific character of an affection will make any difference in the mode of treating it, or in that of its treatment."—p. 57.

"To Hahnemann alone is the gratitude of mankind due for pursuing, with a perseverance that could only result from and be supported by the perfect conviction of a truth so valuable to the human race, that the homœopathic (*similia similibus curantur*) administration of medicines is the most scientific and certain method of curing disease."—p. 32.

"Bloeding has been supposed a popular remedy to stop the temporary flow of blood to the head; but this mode of treatment is always succeeded by a still greater determination of blood towards the upper part of the body."—p. 77.

"He would be an ignorant or unprincipled and criminal practitioner indeed, who would refuse to employ the allopathic means of blood-letting in inflammatory states threatening extreme danger, as in inflammation of the brain, especially in children, and sometimes in inflammation of the heart and lungs, because it is contrary to a dogma of Hahnemann."—p. 21.

But, waving these remarkable inconsistencies in the same author, and which exculpate to a certain extent diversity of opinion among the Faculty, Dr. Broackes, as a reformed homœopathist, is one of the severest condemnatory witnesses against the followers of Hahnemann that we have yet met with. The *materia medica pura* of Hahnemann he treats as "a mere chaos," because we know nothing "of the health and idiosyncracy" "of the doses administered, of accidental causes, and of the influence of imagination," "because the symptoms are drawn from many individuals of opposite temperament, and we are not informed as to the organs first affected in them; and because he makes no classification of these symptoms." The author then attacks the principles of dilution as destructive of power; minute doses, he says are Hahnemannic, not necessarily homœopathic. This is a distinction that is new to us. But the most gross of all the errors of Hahnemann is his abuse of the healing power of Nature. "Hence," says our author (his

previous great admirer), "his *Organon* is perhaps the most illogical work ever composed."

Hahnemannism v. Homeopathy, or rather *vice versa*, being thus summarily dismissed by a gentleman of professional abilities, and formerly one of its disciples, we shall wait with interest for the publication of the *Reformed Homeopathy* now in the press, and in which we sincerely hope he will have more regard to the practical and comprehensible, than in the mis-called *Practical Observations*. If homeopathy is ever destined to rank as a science, it must be written of as other branches of science, and not cloaked under a vain mystery.

VIGNE'S TRAVELS IN KASHMIR, &c.

[Second Notice—conclusion.]

In a cave which our author wished to explore, he says:—"I was deterred from going beyond the entrance, by the stench arising from the innumerable bats that I disturbed, which was rendered absolutely insupportable by the great heat of the weather. The Musalman, I may here remark, says that the bat was originally formed from a piece of clay, which Jesus Christ was accidentally moulding with his fingers, and that God gave it life afterwards, for the sake of its divine maker."

Another belief is thus noticed:—"Five or six fairs are held at the Hazrat Bal in the course of the year: the principal one is on the Mairaj, or the day on which Mahomet rode to heaven upon the mule Al Borak (the thunderer), who, by the by, is one of the five animals that the Mahometans believe to be destined to immortality. The other four are, the ram which Abraham sacrificed instead of Isaac; Baalam's ass; the one on which Christ rode into Jerusalem; and the dog that guarded the seven sleepers of Ephesus."

Of this noble valley, politically and geographically speaking, the author remarks:—"One of the first results of the planting of the British flag on the ramparts of the Huri Purbut [now a likely event] would probably be a rush of people, particularly Kashmirens, to the valley, in numbers sufficient for a time to affect the price of provisions. The next would be the desertion of Simla, as a sanitarium, in favour of Kashmir. The news of its occupation by the queen's troops in India would spread through the East with a rapidity unequalled, excepting in the regions of the telegraph and the steam-engine: it would be looked upon as the accomplishment of the one thing needful for the consolidation of the British power in Northern India; and the respect for the name, and a wish for the friendship and alliance of England, would increase in proportion to the belief in the fruitlessness of any subsequent attempt at dispossession. It was, I believe, soon after the occupation of Delhi by the British troops, (I do not know the date of the year), that a mission from Kashmir, with a request that the Company's government would take the country under its protection, arrived in that city; but its object was unsuccessful, as the government of the time did not think it expedient to lend a favourable ear to their proposals. To say that, had they done so, the East India Company might have long since been in possession of the Panjab, and friendly relations have been established with the court of Kabul, is an assertion based perhaps upon no unreasonable conjecture. Kashmir enjoys the singular advantage of being at the same time both a fortress and a magazine; and although the battle for the valley would be fought on the outside of it, yet the progress of an invading

power might be opposed step by step, as it often has been, from the mountain summits around each of its passes. When a road is made through the pass from Baramula to Dharumtawur, an army of any strength, and most perfectly appointed, may be marched, in from four to six days, from the healthy atmosphere of Kashmir, to defend the passages of Attok or Torbela; and with such protection on the north, Bombay as the capital of India on the south, and the Indus between them, the British possessions in Hindustan ought to be as safe from foreign invasion from the westward, as such an extended line of frontier can possibly be made to render them. But Kashmir not only deserves attention as a stronghold in time of war; it is to the arts of peace that this fine province will be indebted for a more solid and lasting, though less glorious celebrity, than it enjoyed under the emperors of Delhi. The finest breeds of horses and cattle of every description may be reared upon its extensive mountain-pastures, where every variety of temperature may be procured for them; its vegetable and artificial productions may be treated with British skill and capital, in such a manner as to ensure an excellence equal to those of Europe, and superior to that of the neighbouring countries; and the tools of a Cornish miner may bring to light the hidden treasures of its iron, lead, copper, and silver ores. Kashmir will become the focus of Asiatic civilisation, —a miniature England in the heart of Asia. The climate will permit the introduction of the sports and games of England; and, presenting so many attractions, it will become the *sine qua non* of the oriental traveller, whether he be disposed to consider it as the *Ultima Thule* of his voyage, or a resting-place whence he may start again for still more distant regions. The introduction of Christianity the Mahomedans will not fail to attribute to the finger of God, and consider it as a step towards the fulfilment of their belief, that the whole world will become subject to the power of the Christians. The missionary may here pursue his labours with some visible hope of success, when the prevalence of English associations shall have weakened the effects of caste, and the prejudices of Islam; and this magnificent valley, hitherto the theatre of a hundred faiths, will become the Alma Mater of our Eastern conquests, and the great and central temple of a religion as pure as the eternal snows around it. • • • The Sikhs have extended their oppressive rule over this unfortunate valley for the last twenty-two years, and for the last half of that time it has been also successively a prey to the earthquake, the pestilence, and the famine. The population of the city does not now, I should imagine, exceed 80,000, although the natives would have you believe there are many more; and perhaps the whole valley does not contain above 120,000 people. I speak almost entirely at a guess, on account of the love of exaggeration which is so prevalent in the East, and the extreme difficulty in collecting accurate information. The first consequence of the oppressive nature of Runjit Singh's government is, that the inhabitants have been constantly leaving the valley for many years back; the next has been, that their masters have found it necessary to prevent their leaving it without assigning some sufficient reason. The revenue in Akber's time amounted to more than three million of kirwahs of rice; and he commanded that the crops should be equally divided between the government and the husbandman. The returns amounted, so I was informed, to more than a crore of small rupis, or a million sterling; and

subsequently, in the time of the Patans, to fifty or sixty lakhs of small rupis, —about 330,000. When I was at Kabul, the Nawab Jabar, brother of Dost Mohamed, told me, that in the year in which he was governor, the same in which the Sikhs took the valley, he collected 62 lakhs of small rupis, equal to more than 400,000/- sterling. It has now in successive years gradually dwindled down to 14 or 15 lakhs nominally, although, in fact, Runjit, who always took care to ask for a much larger sum from the government, was obliged to be contented, I believe, with something less than 10."

We add here a cruel trait of Eastern character:—

"Whilst (says Mr. V.) I was at Kabul, Mihān Singh was guilty of an act of atrocity which may be considered as a specimen of the summary and vindictive justice administered to the unfortunate inmates of an eastern bārām. He baked alive his favourite wife, the mother of his only son. She happened to be in the Panjab, where some of her enemies accused her of an intrigue, and Runjit sent her to her husband in Kashmir. Her son, who feared the worst from the hands of his father, dashed his turban on the ground before him (the most imploring act of supplication that an oriental can make use of), and knelt bareheaded at his feet. Mihān Singh promised to forgive her. Soon afterwards the poor lad was sent to the Panjab, in order to be there when Sir Henry Fane, the commander-in-chief, was on his visit to Lahore. His unfortunate mother was then seized and forced into a bath, the temperature of which was then increased for the purpose of destroying her by suffocation. This did not succeed as soon as was expected; her screams were so horrible that several people left the Shyr Gurdh, that they might not be obliged to listen to them; and in the end, her husband sent her a bowl of poison, which she swallowed. • • •

"In the Panjab the expenses of a poor man are about three large rupis, or 6s. a month; but the provisions on which he subsists are six or eight times as cheap as those eaten by an English peasant. In Kashmir the expenses of a peasant do not amount to more than 2 luci snighi or small rupis—2s. 8d. a month. A first-rate shawl-weaver will occasionally earn one small rupi a day; which, in Kashmir, as far as mere subsistence is concerned, is equal to 10s. or 12s. a day in England. A weaver of indifferent skill will earn half a rupee a day; a beginner 2 anas, or one-eighth of a rupee. There are said to be more than thirty kinds of artificers in the city. A carpenter receives 4 anas, one quarter rupi (= 4s. a day); a culer half a rupi; a gunsmith 1 rupi; a bow and arrow maker 1 rupi; kulumdani, or pencease-makers, 4 anas a day; a good journeyman tailor 2 to 4 anas a day. The field-labourer is paid in rice, of which he has his dinner in the middle of the day, and in the evening 6 ari (12lb.) of unlhusked rice, by selling the surplus of which, after feeding a wife and small family, he finds himself a gainer of 1 ana a day, or about 2 rupis a month. Five kinds of paper, the best of which is superior to that made in the plains, is manufactured in Kashmir. The dipping-frame is made of a kind of reed, which is found only near the Shalimar; it grows to about a yard in height, and is of the thickness of a common bell-wire. Every sheet of each kind is smeared with rice-paste, by the hand, encased in goats-hair, and afterwards spread upon a board of wild pear-tree, and polished with a piece of agate. The rag is first mashed in mills near the Shalimar, and then mixed up with size and colour at the manufactory. The best

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aper, which is used for korans, is made with old hemp, beaten up with the rag in equal parts. The rose-water of Kashmir is surpassingly fine, but there is nothing extraordinary in the way it is made. The atar is procured from trebly-distilled rose-water, which is boiled and poured into an open basin over-night; whilst the rose-water is still hot, the basin is placed two-thirds deep in a running stream, and in the morning the atar appears like an oil on the surface of the water, and is carefully scraped off with a tide of grass bent in the shape of a V. It is said that a small bottle of atar is the produce of seven or eight hundred pounds of rose-leaves. The Kashmirians are very expert as manufacturers of wooden toys, turnery, ornamental carving in wood, inlaid work of different woods, ivory, and mother-of-pearl; and the painting of the pen-cases and work-boxes is alike curious and elegant in pattern. They have no oil-colours, but flowers and other ornaments are sometimes raised on the surface, by means of a composition paste, then painted and oiled two or three times, until they have the appearance of being varnished. * * * There are now but five or six hundred shawl-frames in the city. Formerly they were infinitely more numerous. It occupies six or seven frames, of two men at an for six months, to make a pair of very large and handsome shawls. Ranjit ordered a pair to be made, with patterns representing his victories, and paid down five thousand rupis, after deducting the duties. One only of these was finished. The Poshm-i-Shahal, otherwise Pohmina (Poshm signifies the wool of any animal), or shawl-wool, is found upon the goats that are pastured upon the elevated regions of Lash and Changthung. It is undoubtedly a provision of nature against the effect of the intense cold to which they are exposed, and is found not only upon the common goat, but upon the Yak or Tibetan grunting ox, and the shaggy dog which is used in the same inhospitable regions. I know not whether it be found upon the other species of wild goats or tragaphi of Tibet, which I have afterwards noticed, but the quantity produced by one large ibex is equal to that of three goats, and the cloth woven from it in Little Tibet is warmer and softer than the common shawl. Its colour is a dark, dull, brownish maroon. The poshm is cotton-like down, which grows close to the skin, under the usual coating of hair. That of the goat is only of two colours; if the animal be white, the poshm is white also; if black (I have been told that it is sometimes black, but have never seen it), or of any other colour, the colour of the poshm is like that of the ibex, but lighter: it is called in Persian Khâd-rung, i.e. of its own colour, in contradistinction to what has been dyed. But I do not think that all the goats in Middle Tibet are provided with poshm. I have seen some very handsome ones, with long thin spiral horns, which had no poshm at the time, and others of the most ordinary appearance upon whom it was found. * * * Goats producing the shawl-wool are common in the countries west of the Caspian, and excellent shawls are made there also. Rudak, a village and district upon the right bank of the Indus, about seven or eight days' march from Lehia, (the latter being the name of the province) seems to be the first and principal rendezvous of the traders in poshm, which is collected in great quantities from the flocks that are pastured upon the vast plains of Chang Thung. Thung in Tibetan signifies a plain, and is sometimes used to designate a small open space upon the banks of the river, in Little Tibet. The poshm is brought to Ladak

upon the backs of sheep, of a breed larger than any I ever saw. I bought one, a wether, in Nubia, and it travelled well enough to the plains, but died there of heat and fatigue. It was a long-legged animal, about three feet in height, otherwise resembling the Leicestershire breed. One of these is loaded with from four to six trak of poshm, and will travel about eight or nine miles a day. They cost two rupis each. The Kashmirian merchants purchase the poshm at Leh, at the rate of eighty puls (small handfuls) for a small rupi. It is then cleaned on the spot, and one part in four only is fit for the purposes of the weaver. This is then carried upon men's backs to Kashmir. One man will carry ten trak. The time occupied is eighteen days, and he is paid at the rate of one small rupi a trak for the whole distance; though I believe some further allowance is made when the quality is very good. When it arrives in Kashmir the governor takes possession of it, and sells it again to the merchants, at 20 per cent profit upon their whole expenses, he keeping the difference for himself. The white poshm may then be purchased in the city, at about four small rupis a ser (2lb. English), and khad-rung, or dun-coloured, at two-and-a-half rupis a ser. Some of this is often purchased by the poorer classes who can afford it, and they make a profit by selling it to the manufacturers, after it is cleaned and spun into thread; but the poor are sometimes compelled to clean portions of it which are distributed to them. The thread is then dyed of different colours, and of these they use about forty different kinds. Their blues and purples are made chiefly from indigo; their yellows from a Panjabi flower called gul-i-kysu, and from a grass called woftangil in Kashmir; their blacks are procured from iron filings and wild pomegranate skins, from which also a light brown is obtained; their reds from kermes and logwood, and a native wood called hin; a drab from walnut skins; and it will scarcely be believed that the finest of their greens, and a light blue also, are extracted from English green baize. All the thread used in making a large pair of shawls does not weigh more than fifteen or twenty pounds English, and may be purchased for 120 to 150 small rupis. After the thread is dyed, it is dipped in rice-water, a process which makes it stronger, and fits it to be more safely moved by the shuttle, and the stiffness is removed by washing. The undyed shawl-stuff, which sells at five rupis the yard, is called ubra, from ubr (a cloud), or alwan-i-sadah (without colour), if white; and if a border be worked on it, the remaining white is called 'mutun.' Alwan, as the shawl-stuff is called when free from ornament, is not often, if ever, made up by the Kashmiri weavers of the natural colour of the poshm, and may be, of course, dyed of any colour—red, blue, green, yellow, &c. When made with coloured stripes or flowers on it, the chograh of the Afghans, or al-khalek, the long under-coat of the Persians, are made from it. If the pattern be worked with the needle, the shawl is far inferior in every respect to those in which the pattern is woven in. An excellent pair of the former description may be purchased in Kashmir for 150 rupis (about 10*l*), whereas an equally good pair of the Usuluk (the real), or the latter kind, could not be procured for less than 700 or 800 rupis. The productions of the Kashmirian looms, which are of old and unimproved construction, are very numerous: Du-shahal, or two shawls, they being always made in pairs; Jamaweh, for bedding; Rumal, or handkerchiefs; Hasheyi, or the shawl of a coloured

ground with a small border; Urmuk, resembling very strong nankin; and the Yek-Tar (one-thread), a most light and beautiful fabric, being of one-half the thickness of the common shawl, and which I was told was invented for the Sikh turbans. Besides the above, gloves and socks are manufactured from the shawl-wool; but they also make Gulbudun, or red silk cloth for ladies' trousers, and Chikun, or flowers worked in silk upon a cotton ground, similar to those procurable at Multan. Sashes and trouser-strings are also made from silk; whilst Lungehs, or pieces of blue cloth for turbans, and Kumurbunds, or waist-cloths, are prepared from cotton, and rugs and horse-cloths, &c. from wool. A cloth called 'Siling' is manufactured from the shawl-wool in Yarkund and China; it somewhat resembles a coarse English kerseymerre in texture. As soon as a shawl is made, notice is given to the inspector, and none can be cut from the loom but in his presence. It is then taken to the custom-house and stamped, a price is put upon it by the proper officer, and 25 per cent on the price is demanded. When it is purchased, and about to leave the valley with its owner, the latter has to pay another four rupees for permit-duty and another seal, which enables him to pass with his property; but he is subjected to further duties at Jamu and Umritsir. It becomes necessary to wash the shawls, in order to deprive them of the stiffness of the rice-starch remaining in the thread, and for the purpose of softening them generally. The best water for this use is found in the canal, between the lake and the floodgates at the Drogjum. Some ruins, in large limestone blocks, are lying on the washing-place, and in one of these is a round hole, about a foot and a half in diameter, and a foot in depth; in this the shawl is placed, and water being poured over it, it is stamped on by naked feet for about five minutes, and then taken into the canal, by a man standing in the water; one end is gathered up in his hand, and the shawl swung round and beaten with great force upon a flat stone, being dipped into the canal between every three or four strokes. This occupies about five minutes. They are then dried in the shade, as the hot sun spoils the colours; and in ten days afterwards the coloured shawls undergo a similar process, but occupying less time. The white ones, after being submitted to the process, on the first day are spread in the sun, and bleached by water sprinkled over them; then they are again treated in the same process as the coloured shawls, being stamped upon and beaten a second time, and then bleached again till they are dry, and then for a third time beaten, stamped upon, and finally dried in the sun. In the second time of stamping, soap is sometimes used, but is not good generally, and is never used for the coloured shawls, as the alkali might affect the colours. There is a something in the water of the canal which certainly communicates to the shawl a softness which cannot be given to those manufactured at any place in the plains of Hindustan. At the same time, those made in Paris or at Norwich would be, I think, as soft, were it not for the greater closeness of texture consequent upon their being made by a machine instead of the hand. For the same reason, it is well known that the calico made in India is much softer, and is much more durable, than that made in England. There are plenty of wells in the city, and in every case where there is a bath on the premises, as water is found by digging only to the depth of five or six yards below the surface. It is not good,

but often, if I mistake not, brackish, and in some instances is preferred for the washing of red shawls. Old shawls that require cleaning, and, in some instances, new ones, are washed by means of the freshly-gathered root of a parasitical plant called kritz. A pound of it is bruised and mixed with about three pints of water, and to this is added a mixture of pigeons' dung (a piece equal in size to a turkey's egg), mixed and beaten up with about the same quantity of water, and the shawl is saturated with the liquor and then stamped upon, washed with the hand, and then well steeped in the canal. In the plains, the berries of the raynti fruit, stirred up with water, yet not so as to form a lather, are used for washing a soiled shawl. A smaller root, known also by the name of kritz, is used for cotton clothes. The colours of a shawl after it has been washed are often renewed so well as to deceive any but the initiated, by pricking them in again with a wooden pin, dipped in the requisite tints. The fine pale yellow colour of a new shawl is given by means of sulphur fumes. A hole is made in the floor about a foot in diameter, and six inches in depth. Over this is placed a small square chimney of poplar-wood, open of course above. Some lighted charcoal is put into the hole, and over it is sprinkled a small handful of bruised sulphur. Around the chimney, and about two feet distance from it, is placed a horse or framework, about five feet six inches in height, upon which four shawls are suspended, and the external air is further excluded by another drawn over the top. When the sulphur is consumed, the shawls are withdrawn, and others are subjected to the fumes of fresh sulphur. They are kept until the next day, then washed again in water, dried and pressed, several together, between two boards. The mokym or broker, who transacts business between the shawl-manufacturer and the merchant, is a person of great importance in the city, and the manner in which their transactions are carried on is rather singular. They have correspondents in most of the larger cities of Hindustan, whose business it is to collect and forward every species of information connected with their trade. By their means, they seldom fail to hear of any saudagar or merchant who is about to start for Kashmir, even from such a distance as Calcutta; and if he be a rich man, the mokym will send as far as Delhi to meet him, and invite him to become his guest during his sojourn in the valley. Perhaps, again, when the merchant, half dead with fatigue and cold, stands at length on the snowy summit of the Pir Panjal, or either of the other mountain-passes, he is suddenly amazed by finding there a servant of the broker, who has kindled a fire ready for his reception, hands him a hot cup of tea, and a kabab, a delicious kaliaun, and a note containing a fresh and still more pressing invitation from his master. Such well-timed civility is irresistible; his heart and his boots thaw together, and he at once accepts the hospitality of the mokym, who, it may be, is awaiting the traveller with a friendly hug at the bottom of the pass, two or three days' journey from the city, to which he subsequently conducts him. He finds himself at home at the house of his new friend, and himself and servants studiously provided with all he can require. His host of course takes care to repay himself in the end. He has an understanding with the shawl-manufacturers who frequent his house, so that the guest is at the mercy of both parties; and should he quarrel with the broker, and hope to make a purchase without his intervention, he would find it impossible. No

shawl-vender can by any possibility be induced to display his stores until the approach of evening, being well aware of the superior brilliancy imparted to their tints by the slanting rays of the setting sun; and when the young saudagar has purchased initiation by experience, he will observe that the shawl is never exhibited by one person only; that the broker perhaps, apparently inattentive, is usually sitting by, and that, under pretence of bringing the different beauties of the shawl under his more especial notice, a constant and freemasonic fire of squeezes and pinches, having reference to the price to be asked, and graduated from one hundred to a five-rupi power, is secretly kept up between the vendors, by means of their hands extended under the shawl. When the merchant has completed his purchases, the mokym, who was before so eager to obtain him as a guest, pays him the compliment of seeing him safe to the outside of the city, where he takes leave of him at Chaturbul, the very last place within it; from which custom the brokers have obtained the cant name of 'Dost-i-Chaturbul friends.' The fool's cap or cypress-shaped ornament, so commonly worked on the shawls, is a representation of the jigeh, or kashkhe, or aigrette of jewels which is worn on the forehead in the East. Every great man now wears one; but when the Patans were in the zenith of their power under Timour Shah, it was the privilege of royalty only."

The Marchioness: a Strange but True Tale. By Elizabeth Thornton. 2 vols. London, Simpkin and Marshall.

THE authoress, in a short preface to these volumes, says:—

"In presenting this book to the public, I think it right to say, that the events on which the tale is founded are so extraordinary, I should scarcely have ventured to relate them, had they not been well authenticated, lest I should be accused of having fabricated too bold a fiction—one not borne out by probability. But as the affair occupied the tribunals of France for more than twenty years, and is, of course, recorded in their annals, I have availed myself of its interesting details, and have woven them into a tale."

To this statement we would only add, that the extraordinary events—and they are *very* extraordinary—have been skilfully managed by the fair authoress. In one short morning, an idle person, a victim to *ennui*, and seeking something to amuse, may master the sum and substance of this romance of real (French) life, which occupied the time of a tribunal of France twenty years to unravel and to pronounce decision thereon.

A new French-and-English and English-and-French Lexicon, constructed upon an entirely new Plan. By Martin G. de la Voste. Baily and Co.

Both teachers and students are much indebted to Mr. De la Voste for this admirable dictionary, which is calculated to save much time and vexatious questioning by its lucid, yet simple, arrangement. It is printed in a clear bold type, by which reference to its pages is greatly facilitated; and, in addition to the literal meaning of each word, we find its nautical, military, and commercial signification. Nor are these its only merits: lines of reference to the moods and tenses of the verbs head each page; and these will be of great advantage to the early student, who is often at a loss for the verbal root of the word he is seeking. The scientific expressions are clearly explained, as are the

elisions, abbreviations, and contractions; and in fact, nothing has been omitted or neglected which should find a place in a work of the kind. For schools, or private teaching—for translators, or those learning the French without a master—we have rarely, if ever, met with a volume that was more deserving our warmest praise; and the lowness of its price places it within the reach of all who may require the services of a dictionary.

The Cottager's Sabbath: a Poem. By Samuel Mullen; with Seventeen Steel Engravings, from Designs by H. Warren. London, T. Miller.

MANY portions of this poem are beautifully written—abounding in sweet moral images, which look as if they were gathered from the rich storehouse of nature, and not from books. It is indeed a simple and unpretending work; there is nothing forced or unnatural about it; its object, which is to describe cottage-life, is taken in at a glance. The reader is seldom misled in the author's true meaning. It does not contain that fire and vigour which the author's former work—the *Pilgrim of Beauty*—possesses; but although this is missing, there is more subdued poetical truth, more undisguised natural painting, about it than in his previous poem. The opening is excellent; it is carefully and beautifully written: but as we proceed, we occasionally miss the painstaking hand—although, every now and then, we catch glimpses of it, as if only to shew us what the author can do when he chooses. Mr. Mullen is a true poet; and practice will yet make him work wonders: he has the mind, and time will improve the manner. What he does is his own—every thought and every image carries with it its natural mark. We regret that we cannot find space for the extracts we had selected; they would have needed as little recommendation as the engravings, which, with one or two exceptions, are first-rate. The book altogether is a gem.

Chemistry of the Four Ancient Elements—Fire, Air, Earth, and Water. By Thomas Griffiths. Pp. 226. London, Higley.

This essay is put forth as "founded upon lectures delivered before her most gracious majesty the Queen, and dedicated by special permission to her majesty." Whatever value may attach to such announcement in rendering an acquaintance with the rudiments at least of chemistry indispensable to female education, or fashionable, it adds no real value to the work itself. Interest, however, may be excited in many to induce an inquiry into the nature of the royal study, and may lead to an introduction to the "Chemistry of the Four Ancient Elements." No one of the youthful of either sex would regret the introduction. Their new friend will be found entertaining and instructive, easy to be understood, and full of information on subjects, an ignorance of which is becoming every day more rare. We strongly recommend Mr. Griffith's essay, clearly written and admirably illustrated, to all those who have not studied the beautiful science, chemistry, and who are unacquainted with the elements of the ancient elements, and the wonderful properties of both.

The Handbook of Turning. Pp. 143. London, Saunders and Otley.

THIS work is embellished appropriately with a portrait of the author "done in the lathe"—showing the extraordinary capabilities of the beautiful art of turning. A slight historical sketch of the lathe and its modern improvement, the advance from the potter's-wheel to

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the medallion-machine and rose-engine, is given as an introduction. The handbook contains instructions in concentric, elliptic, and eccentric turning; various plates of chucks, tools, and instruments; directions for using the eccentric cutter, drill, vertical cutter, and circular rest; also patterns, with instructions for working them. The woods, English and foreign, which are excellent for turning, are described; also the method of staining woods, ivory, &c. In short, the volume is not wanting in any point connected with turning, and will be found to be of great value to the votaries of the lathe, the numbers of whom will doubtless be augmented by its circulation, and by the reduction of duty on foreign woods according to the new tariff.

Addison's Knights Templars. Second edition. "The ensuing history is enlarged by the introduction of more than two hundred and fifty pages of fresh matter," says the Introduction; but we find it unnecessary to add aught to our former critique. See *Lit. Gaz.* No. 1300.

On the Hydropathic Cure of Gout. By G. Hume Weatherhead, M.D. Highley.

This is an able and interesting essay on a well-known disease, and which advocates, on grounds that are well worthy of consideration, and of great weight, the cold-water treatment as a remedy to this painful malady. The theory of the predominance of uric acid in the blood as the cause of gout—the most rational ever proposed—is adopted by our author. The use of mineral alkalis, as antagonists to this state of things, is not noticed. Dr. Weatherhead states (and which is a very important point) that those who have opposed the use of refrigerant applications, on the ground of repulsion of the disease to other and to more vital organs, have failed in producing a single well-authenticated case; and he further states, that, whatever good reasons for apprehension there may exist from the application of refrigerant means according to the former method of employing them, they do not apply to the manner of using them by Priessnitz—the principle of whose system is to ensure re-action, by which the entire body, or a particular part of it, is made warm by passive means,—by the re-action, in fact, of the capillary arteries,—and which, by being kept up for a longer or shorter period, eventually terminates in perspiration, without the respiration or circulation being at all accelerated.

A SKIRR AMONG NOS. AND PERIODICAL VOLs. !

Waverley Novels. Abbotsford edition. *Parts I. II. III.*, super-royal 8vo. Edinburgh, R. Cadell; London, Houlston and Stoneman.—When we saw the prospectus of this edition, and had the pleasure of looking over some of the portfolios of drawings taken for its illustration, we were free to anticipate that it would be the edition of Scott's prose works of fiction. The four Parts which have issued from the press fully confirm our anticipation. Beauty and character are eminently the qualities of the embellishments, which are extremely numerous, and the subjects chosen with excellent judgment. A magnificent view of Highland hills, from the pencil of Stanfield, at the opening, is confronted with an Officer of the Black Watch in his habit as he lived. Turning over a few leaves, we have fac-similes, initial letters, tail-pieces, and heads of chapters, all in good taste and of much interest. Chivalry, border-scenery, hawking and other sports, architecture ancient and modern, interiors, fancy and grotesque subjects, portraits, adorn almost every

page; and from among them we need only particularise a fine portrait of Col. Gardiner; heads of chaps. xv.-xvii., and xx.-xxii., the latter two by W. Simson; xxiv., deerstalking; xxviii., Highland fling; xxxi., by Folkard; Holyrood, another admirable Stanfield; the Highland chief, a tail-piece, at p. 161; and Highland sentinel, another, at p. 191. The proprietors, we observe, have purchased a number of designs at the late sale of Wilkie's sketches, which will be incorporated with the productions of distinguished living artists as the publication proceeds. There really required no addition to make the work more attractive than it already is.

People's Edition of the same.—Twenty-two numbers are announced as published, and we have seen some of them, at two-pence per No., we believe; but we only notice them for the sake of offering an observation on this new adoption of a German fashion in book-naming, of which we cannot express aught but disapprobation. What have we to do with the *Volksbücher*, or any other foreign phantasy of the sort? and why is the invidious distinction to be raised in literature, as in politics, between the people and the middle and higher classes? Are not we all *the people*; from the Duke of Wellington, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Sir Robert Peel, down to the honest artisan and industrious mechanic? Cheap literature is not a public benefit merely as such, any more than cheap drugs would be. The lowness of price is a real boon where the literature is wholesome, or the drugs nutritive or medicinal; but it is a curse when the tendency of the literature is immoral, or the drugs poisonous. The works issued by the Messrs. Chambers of Edinburgh are a national benefit, both by reason of their tendency and their low price; but much as we admire the brilliant talents of Byron, and even disposed as we may be to believe that his works may be harmless to the already well-trained mind, to the cultivated understanding, the strong in religious and moral rectitude, we cannot think them such proper mental food for the mass as to be placed by extraordinary cheapness within their means. And this remark brings us to

Lord Byron's Tales, at 6d. each, (J. Murray, Tilt and Bogue; Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd; Dublin, Cumming), of which we have the *Giaour*, the *Corsair*, *Lara*, &c., before us. We cannot augur any good to the general reader of the sixpenny and twopenny orders from the perusal of these highly spiced productions, which we fancy are only published as a protection against piracies, or in anticipation of copyrights lapsing, so that every low book-seller might do as he pleased with what was not his own. This alone would be a sterling argument for the extension of the term, which the wisdom of parliament has at length recognised.

But whilst among ornamented periodicals, we must away to Paris, whence we have just received eleven livraisons of the *Chants et Chansons Populaires de la France*, published by H. L. Delloye. Here, for originality, fancy, and humour in the subjects, we are forced to yield the palm to the French artists employed in making designs for such works. The "mort et convoi" of the "invincible Malbrough," whom the enemy would have to be killed at the battle of Malplaquet in 1709, is a delicious burlesque "costume," accompanying the verses "Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre." This is the first livraison, and, like all the rest, has four capital engravings on steel allusive to the

leading points in the song. They must be seen to be duly appreciated and laughed at. The next one, the nocturnal souvenirs of Mons. and Mme. Denis, thoroughly but neatly French; in which the old couple recall all the tender recollections of their youth is richly comic. In "L'Orage" very sweet landscape-scenery is introduced at the top, whilst adown the margins run pictures of pastoral innocence and beauty. The Wandering Jew is another *bon bouche*; and "Le Roi l'Yvetot," superb. The Infernal Machine is more matter of fact, but extremely clever; the eighth, bacchanalian songs; Count Orry among the nuns; the holy romauant of St. Geneviève de Brabant; and Fanfan la Tulipe,—are all charming varieties in the same style. We should add that the music to the *Chants et Chansons* must render them more than acceptable to the music-room, as they are to the drawing-room table.

Illustrations de la Noblesse Européenne. Par M. l'Abbé d'Ormancey, Vicomte de Fréjacques. London, Hearne.—Of this periodical we have only received a stray livraison, the fourth, which contains the names and houses of Douglas—of Kergerlay—of Bethune (in France), and of Du Bosc-Radepon, with their arms richly blazoned, and a good account of their deeds and fates.

The Environs of London. By John Fisher Murray. *Parts I. and II.* Blackwoods.—This is the commencement of a monthly issue of great promise, both as to literary merit and embellishment. The environs of London are rich with memorials of the deepest interest, and of every kind that can offer pleasing recreation for the cultivated mind; and here we find a congenial guide to direct our steps and inform us about all the localities which we are induced to visit in his company. At first, Lambeth affords food for many historical remembrances; and thence we steam up the river at our ease, observing every thing worthy of note on either bank; Battersea and its Red-house, Chelsea, Putney, Fulham, Hammersmith, Chiswick, Mortlake, Kew, Sion-house, Isleworth, and Richmond, are also cursorily described, and well represented in wood-engravings, as the annexed will indicate.

The second Part embraces Kensington and its gardens; Holland-house, Brompton, &c., are introduced; and Richmond resumed, with its neighbouring Twickenham; and as they occur we have slight sketches of eminent men who have lived or died in these localities, criticisms, and other matters such as polite literature loves to handle. [For specimens of the embellishments, see p. 402.]

Unpublished Memoirs of Mr. Roger M'Corckill, Merchant at the sign of the Three Trumpeters, Grass Market, Edinburgh. *Parts I. to IV.* Edinburgh, MacLachlan, Stewart, and Co.; London, Whittaker; Dublin, Cumming; Glasgow, D. Robertson.—A publication in shilling numbers, and belonging to the Galt school. There is a good deal of Scotch character in it.

England in the Nineteenth Century. Northern Division, *Parts I. to VI.*; Southern Division, *Parts I. to V.* London, How and Parsons; Dublin, Cumming; Edinburgh, Johnstone; Glasgow, Rutherglen and Co.—This is an undertaking of very considerable magnitude and expense. The first portion is dedicated to Lancashire, and the last to Cornwall—two of the most important of the counties of England. The design announced by the spirited publishers is "to produce a body of pictorial topography, combining views and descriptions

of the picturesque in nature with the wonderful in art—exhibiting England as it is, in its natural scenery, historic memorials, and productive industry." The editors are Mr. Cyrus Redding and Dr. W. C. Taylor, both well known and justly appreciated among the successful and laborious cultivators of our modern literature.

The accounts of the factories of Lancashire are dry, though useful; but when we get a little more into the country parts we breathe more freely and pleasantly. In a historical sense, our attention has been called to the writer's notice of Bryn Hall, "said to have been a fine old place of residence, and is connected with the persecution of a Roman Catholic priest, and his execution by hanging, drawing, and quartering, as late as the reign of Charles I. in 1628." He was executed on the charge of crediting the faith of his forefathers, and of prevailing upon others to give credit to the same belief. The hand of the Father Arrowsmith thus executed—for that was his name—was believed, by the vulgar in Lancashire, to be as capable of working cures as the royal touch, and is said to have been applied to that superstitious purpose at a later period; and truly, if any miserable fragment of mutilated humanity were capable of performing such absurdities upon the ground of perfect freedom from stain, in the sight of Heaven—for what a flagitious act of legislation had constituted a crime—it would be that of one judicially assassinated for his conscientious belief in his own creed—a creed, too, which had been that of his country for more than a thousand preceding years. We were spared, owing to a want of room in another part of this work, from giving the revolting details of a similar case, involving the fate of a man of consideration in the days of Queen Elizabeth, whose fortune was the marked prey of rapacious courtiers,—when we truly observed that the only difference between the parties of those times was, that one of them burned, and the other only hung their victims."

And upon this we have the following note:—

"Mr. Roby, in his *Traditions of Lancashire*, professing to give the fact upon which he founded one of his tales, accuses the unfortunate priest of rape, and states that he was executed for that crime in the reign of William III. That gentleman says, 'Not less devoid of truth is the tradition that Arrowsmith was hanged for making a good confession. Having been found guilty of a rape, in all probability this story of his martyrdom and miraculous attestation to the truth of the cause for which he suffered were contrived for the purpose of preventing the scandal that might come upon the Church through the delinquency of an unworthy member.' All this Mr. Roby gives as from himself, and mentions a curse pronounced by Father Arrowsmith upon the under-sheriff, who executed him, in the reign of William III. Now Arrowsmith was hung, under sanction of an atrocious law, for no other reason but because he had taken orders as a Catholic priest, and had endeavoured to prevail upon others to be of his own faith. For this offence, and for this offence alone, in 1628, in the reign, not of William III., but of Charles I., was he tried at Lancaster assizes, and hanged, drawn, and quartered, in the same year that Edmund Ashton, Esq. was sheriff. Mr. Roby might have seen what was the real state of the case in the same *History of Lancashire* as that which he repeatedly quotes. It is no unfounded charge against modern novel-writing that it tends to invalidate the truths of history. Those

who read books superficially, or merely for amusement at first, and turn afterwards from romance to cold fact, find it difficult to divest the mind of what has been previously impressed upon it in the warm colouring of the writer of fiction."

As we enjoyed the satisfaction of paying a just tribute to Mr. Roby's interesting work at the time of its publication, we feel rather bound to defend him from this hasty and unfounded charge. Much is the writer of the present work indebted to the researches of that gentleman, and therefore he ought to have been less apt to accuse him even of real offences, far less of a misrepresentation, where he can well sustain his statement to be "the fact." In the story of "The Dead Man's Hand" (though it is probably represented in a different manner by Dr. Lingard), Mr. Roby asserts, on good authority, that Arrowsmith was executed, not for his religion, as his party would fain wish it to be believed, but for a rape; and, indeed, shocking as were the executions, especially in Elizabeth's days, the readers of history are aware that high-treason was the crime alleged against the attempts to bring back the older faith and another dynasty, and that people were not hanged or burnt merely for adhering to their creed. What is said about William III. we cannot understand—a priest executed at Lancaster for religious opinions in that age would indeed have been a curiosity; but if Barrett's MSS. in the Chetham College Library at Manchester are to be credited, Mr. Roby has sufficient grounds for what he actually stated; and Barrett's antiquarian accuracy stands, we believe, very high in the estimation of all who have consulted him, besides his being the contemporary of aged persons in the county who were alive at the period of Arrowsmith's trial. But we have perhaps given this point more notice than it deserves; and our inducement has been the tone of the note above quoted, which is the less excusable towards Mr. Roby, as the writer is, to our knowledge, indebted to him, in whose steps he follows, for much of his matter. And this is proven by what he tells about the Boggart clough and the Flitting, which do not in truth belong to the county, but were unmercifully brought into it from an adjoining one by Mr. Roby, to answer his own purposes of traditional and romantic description (pages 160, 1, 2).

Having, however, marked a single blot, we are bound to say that we have gone through this Lancastrian history with great gratification, and derived much instructive information, as well as agreeable pastime, from its perusal. The work says much for the enterprise of its publishers, and we trust its success will be commensurate with their great deserts in devising and carrying into effect a publication of such general interest and value. Of this examples may be given:—

"Chamber Hall, in the vicinity of Bury, was formerly the residence of Sir Robert Peel, father of the present premier. It is a square red building with sash-windows. The remains of the old hall are at the back part of it, and are partially covered with ivy. The windows are large, with bold mullions. The house is at present in the occupation of Mr. Hardman, who was formerly foreman to the first baronet. The settlement in Bury of this family conduced very much to its prosperity. Its head was a man who eminently possessed the qualities which in general secure commercial prosperity; and having, by his steady industry, economy, and well-tempered enterprise, amassed

a large fortune, he, in the ordinary course of things, encouraged the trade and augmented the opulence of the neighbourhood. Of his father, Sir Robert Peel has remarked—"He moved in a confined sphere, and employed his talents in improving the cotton-trade. He had neither wish nor opportunity of making himself acquainted with his native country, or society far removed from his native county Lancaster. I lived under his roof till I attained the age of manhood, and had many opportunities of discovering that he possessed in an eminent degree a mechanical genius and a good heart. He had many sons, and placed them all in situations that they might be useful to each other. The cotton-trade was preferred as best calculated to secure this object; and by habits of industry, and imparting to his offspring an intimate knowledge of the various branches of the cotton-manufacture, he lived to see his children connected together in business, and by their successful exertions to become, with out one exception, opulent and happy. My father may be truly said to have been the founder of our family; and he so accurately appreciated the importance of commercial wealth in a national point of view, that he was often heard to say that the gains to individuals were small compared with the national gains arising from trade." It is usually stated that Chamber Hall was the birthplace of the present baronet. This is incorrect. At the time of his birth, his father's residence was undergoing repairs, and the family had in consequence removed into a neighbouring cottage; and accordingly under the humble roof which the reader may here contemplate, he first saw the light who is now the prime minister of the British empire, the chief servant of the most powerful sovereign in the world; a ruler of nobles, and to no small extent, master of the lives and fortunes of myriads of human beings. This wonderful elevation is the achievement of the cotton-trade! The cottage is built of brick, very limited in size, and at present in a dilapidated state."

Again—"Farther upon the left is Sefton or Sefton church, 'bosomed in tufted trees,' on the border of some fine meadow-land. This parish contains the townships of Aintree, on the right of the road, at about the sixth milestone, Great and Little Crosby close to the sea-shore, Litherland, Orrell and Ford, Thornton, Ince Blundell, Netherton, and Lunt, all of which lie on the left of the Liverpool road to Ormskirk, except Aintree. Ince Blundell church, erected in 1111, was rebuilt 1520, and is a very handsome edifice, containing monuments of the Molyneux and Blundell families. There are three episcopal and four catholic chapels in the parish of Sefton; much of the land in which is marsh, yet it lets for sixty shillings an acre. In Great Crosby there are two endowed schools; one for grammar, and one for girls. This parish is visited as a bathing place. Sefton itself is seven miles north from Liverpool, and is both a parish and manor, once belonging to the Molyneux family by inheritance from William de Moulin, an ancestor. The church is large and handsome, consisting of a nave, two aisles, and a tower with a steeple, owing its erection to Anthony Molyneux, a rector here about the time of Henry VIII. This church is separated from the nave by a screen, and contains sixteen stalls, remarkably well executed in carved work, and ornamented with grotesque figures; and there is a fine carved canopy remaining over the pulpit, the workmanship of which is exceedingly beautiful, though much injured by time. Many of the

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Molyneux family are interred in this church, which contains a number of fine monuments erected to different members of the family. The following is a faithful representation of a part of the interior of this edifice.

The Cornwall being less familiarly known than the Lancaster, is yet more attractive to the reader. The description of the county from actual observation, and the careful notice of old battle-fields, and otherwise famous places—the statements respecting agriculture, mining, fisheries, and other resources—are all in good taste; and the embellishments are of an appropriate and illustrative order.

The distinction of the people into two obviously different races, which has struck us forcibly throughout the county, is thus adverted to by Mr. Redding. At Launceston "the farmers seemed to be a sturdy race; but the women, neatly habited, exhibited no more than ordinary pretensions to beauty. One must be excepted, possessing attractions of which she might well be vain. Eyes dark as death, features nicely chiselled and of uncommon regularity, hair of jet, and a skin of singular clearness, but pale as a 'white marble image,'—stamped her as one of whom Italy would be proud. She was dressed, if not with pure taste, at least becomingly, indicating that she well understood what was calculated to set her person off to advantage. There is a character of person belonging to the earlier inhabitants of the county, or arising from some connexion with other than Saxon 'foreigners,' which must strike all who scrutinise them with attention. The introduction of the Saxon breed into Cornwall is evident enough; but there are many who exhibit marks of a southern extraction, in large black eyes, dark hair, and a swarthy complexion; perhaps the descendants of settlers from the south of Spain at a very remote period. So forcibly was Warner struck by this appearance, upon his tour into Cornwall thirty years ago, that he pointedly alludes to the ancient intercourse between the people of Cadiz and Cornwall as the probable origin of a race so distinct from their fellow-countrymen."

We could fill a *Gazette* with extracts from this well-compiled history, but shall refrain from it in a review of this multifarious kind; and only add, that the legends, genealogies, biographies, and other component parts, are all very delectable reading. We may just hint, that in a charter of Henry VII. the writer may discover a clearer source of the origin of the name of Marazion, alias Market-Jew, than any he has quoted.

Blackwood's Standard Novels.—Since we noted the publication of Galt's ever-characteristic works, with which this series began, we have had his *Entail*, no less excellent than the rest; *Cyril Thornton*, so justly popular; and *Valerius*, another of the performances which did honour to the Edinburgh press, when our late worthy friend, William Blackwood, did so much to emancipate it from provincialism, and raise it to the rank it now holds in publishing, beyond the sphere and influence of London. The vivid *Cruise of the Midge*, by Michael Scott, the author of *Tom Cringle's Log*, is the latest of these novelties.

Combe Abbey: an historical Tale of the Reign of James I. Nos. I. and II. Dublin, W. Curry and Co.; London, Orr and Co.—Illustrated with woodcuts, in the prevailing fashion of the day, this tale seems very closely to resemble others of the same mould.

Handy Andy.—Part VI. London, Lover.—Our favourite Handy Andy progresses slick,

joyous in Irish fun and genuine humour. Lover is getting quite a Hogarth in his lithographic practice. The Widow Flanagan's Party and the Election are both rich and delicious. But our author is as much at home in music and pathos—here is a preceding song almost as exquisite as any of his Angel-Whispers, Fairy-Boys, or other charms of the theatre, concert, and music-room.

"An old man said,

"Where's the snow
That fell the year that's fled?

"Where's the snow?"
As fruitless were the task

Of many a joy to ask

As the snow.

The hope of airy birth,

Like the snow,
Is stain'd on reaching earth,

Like the snow:

While 'tis sparkling in the ray,
'Tis melting fast away,

Like the snow.

A cold deceitful thing

Is the snow;
Though it come on dove-like wing,

The false snow:

'Tis but rain disguis'd appears,

And our hopes are frozen tears,

Like the snow."

The Great Western Magazine. Nos. I. II. and III. Edited by J. Clarke Bray; and chiefly devoted to American literature (Lond., Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.), deserves our passing acknowledgments and note of praise. It is cleverly written and very various; and its accounts of what is doing by our Transatlantic brethren have novelty to recommend them.

Arcturus (New York, L. Curry and Co.) is another American monthly journal of books and opinions, of which some portions of 16 Nos. have reached us; to our edification and entertainment.

The Edinburgh Magazine. Parts III. IV. and V. (Edinb., Menzies).—Seems to improve as he goes on; and we liked him well at first.

The London University Magazine. No. I. Fisher and Co.—Very creditable to the classical and critical attainments of the writers, alumni of this metropolitan school. The articles on the genius of Persius, Mässinger, and Sir Philip Sydney, are of the best; and some translations from German poets are well rendered. We always rejoice to see efforts of this kind, because they are well calculated to stimulate the literary ambition of and expand the minds, not only of the actual doers, but of the whole establishments from which they emanate. Eton, Harrow, the Charterhouse, and other public seminaries, have often proved how efficacious they are in producing fine scholars and eminent men.

The British Friend of India Magazine and Indian Review. No. I. Smith, Elder, and Co.—Devoted to the affairs, in London and in the East, of our mighty Indian empire, every information respecting which is now so peculiarly interesting,—this magazine has fair claims to the attention of those who have any connexion with that empire.

Papers on the Dublin Law-Institute. No. I. Dublin, P. D. Hardy; London, Spettigue.—Contains an address on the opening of this association, and a sensible paper by Archbp. Whately, on the intellectual and moral influences of the liberal professions.

The Evergreen. No. I. By H., J., and W. Stevens. London, Sherwood, Piper, and Co.—A pleasing-enough miscellany of original papers, reviews, &c. The *Ever-Green* addresses itself to the Blues, and may serve to while away

a vacant hour, without any high pretensions to literature.

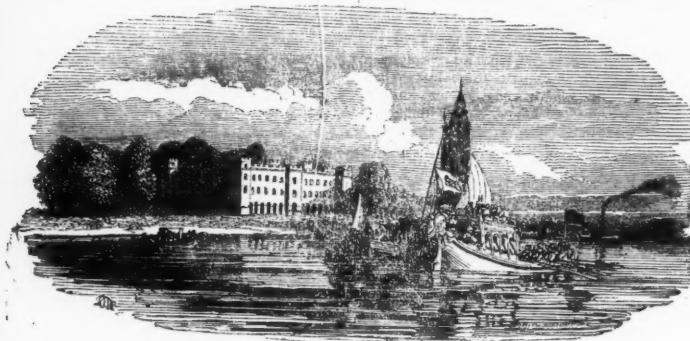
Coloured Illustrations of British Birds and their Eggs. No. I. By H. L. Meyer. London, Nickisson.—A beautiful octavo edition of the author's British birds. Nothing can be more natural than their representation—no more useful adjunct to the right understanding of them than the well-coloured figures, of their eggs; and nothing better to complete our knowledge than the explanations of the text. We heartily recommend the work, so auspiciously begun, to all naturalists.

The Ladies' Flower-Garden. No. VI. By Mrs. Loudon. William Smith.—A charming Number, in which the Corydalis, Dielytra, Vesicaria, Arabis, Hesperis, and ten or a dozen more gay perennials, are figured and described with all Mrs. Loudon's acknowledged grace and accuracy.

North of England Magazine. No. I. Manchester, Simms and Dinham; London, Tilt and Bogue.—A miscellany of politics, literature, science, and art; in which the manufacturing and commercial interests are strongly advocated, and a commendable attempt is made to blend amusement with information. On the subjects of free-trade and the corn-laws, &c., the writers go the whole hog.

The Sporting Review. Nos. 34 to 41. London, J. Mitchell; Edin., Menzies; Dublin, Cumming.—We notice these Nos. in continuation of this popular sporting periodical chiefly on account of a series of papers, by the Hon. G. F. Berkeley, on the Sports and Recreations of the People; the author also, some months ago, of a very able pamphlet on the same subject. We are not, perhaps, inclined to go the entire way with the writer; but in principle generally, and in carrying it out to a certain extent, we entirely agree with him. The English country gentleman, so nobly represented by the late William Wyndham, has a hardly less characteristic type than Mr. Berkeley. He is rather the advocate for fair boxing-matches, as teaching natural defence and courage iff contradistinction to assassinating treachery and cowardice. Indeed, with the exception of bull-baiting, he seems to favour all displays of bravery in contest, as lessons to the people of England. Amusements for the poorer and lower orders, without their abuses, he maintains to be for the good of society; and the turf, of course, is in especial odour. 'Tis true, 'tis pity, that horse-racing should have got and be getting into such dispute, owing to the swindling transactions which in our day disgrace almost every competition; but while we regret the system and the dishonour it brings upon the heads of persons who ought to be above such temptations, we ought not to lose sight of the great benefits the encouragement of this sport confers upon the country. A man has but to look about the streets and parks of London, at the horses of every kind, to see what the turf has done for the breed of these useful and beautiful creatures; and this will reconcile him to some of the evils connected with it. We could heartily wish that means were devised, as they might readily be, to lessen, if not to extinguish, these evils. But to conclude with Mr. Berkeley: he is pungently severe on the Society against Cruelty to Animals; and he enlivens his essays with a number of anecdotes in natural history, which are very curious and very entertaining.

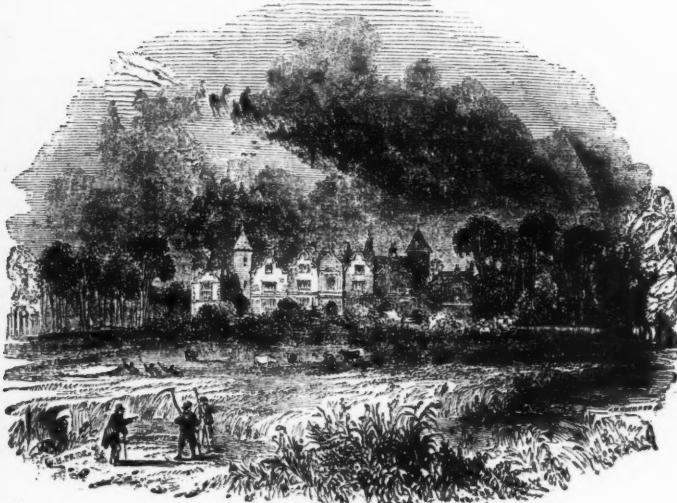
So multifarious are these periodical issues, that we cannot exhaust them in one *Gazette*.



Sion House.



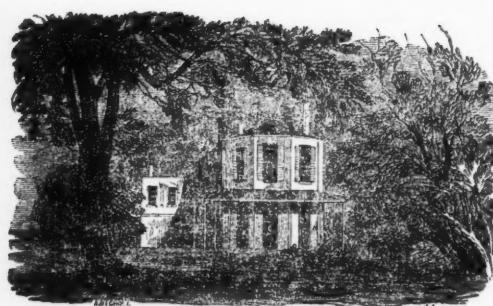
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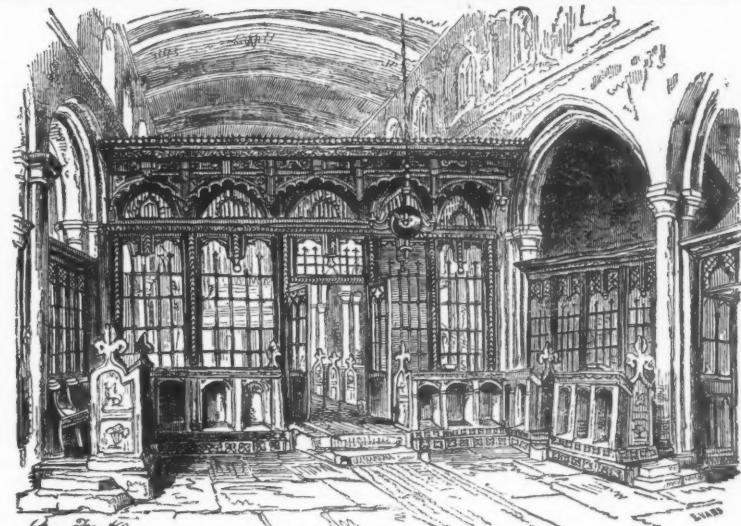
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Launceston Gateway.



Sefton Church: interior.



Birth-place of Sir R. Peel.



Hulme Hall.



Chamber Hall.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*, (320 Oxford St.,
7 June 1842

SIR

In an Article headed Royal Institution, in the N^o 1323 of the *Literary Gazette*, you have made some remarks in reference to what you term Professor Wheatstone's Electro-Magnetic Clock, in a manner which would lead any one to suppose that the Professor, was not fairly dealt with in this matter. I am aware that Professor Wheatstone has been very industriously employed in cultivating this impression among his Friends, but he has not dared to make those claims to the invention openly, although I have called upon him more than once in the Pages of the Inventor's advocate, at the time the invention was first brought before the Public to state his Claims, and I would be happy to answer him.

I now repeat what I then stated. Namely that Professor Wheatstone is not the Author of this invention, I communicated the invention, together with that of the Electro-Magnetic Printing Telegraph to Mr. Wheatstone with the view of his joining me to bring them forward, and this took place in August 1840, before ever Mr. Wheatstone did any thing in the matter and I again call on Professor Wheatstone to answer these Statements, when I shall be most happy to reply to whatever he has got to say. For Truth's Sake alone, Mr. Editer, I solicit the insertion of this letter, which will greatly oblige Your Ob^d Serv^t

ALEXANDER BAIN.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ATMOSPHERIC RAILWAY.

THIS novel application of the pressure of the air to obtain movement on railways is beginning again to be considered, but with more attention than formerly. We are informed, that at the approaching meeting of the British Association in Manchester, a very detailed account of this principle, illustrated by models, diagrams, &c. by Mr. Vignoles, will be read to the mechanical section; and a number of distinguished men of science, engineers, &c. are likely to take part in the discussion on the subject. Several engineers from Russia, Poland, France, and various parts of Germany, who are in England, are expected to be present; and we shall hope to be able to give a satisfactory report of the debate.

This principle of railway is now constructing for an extension of the Dublin and Kingston railway to Dalkey. It has been recommended by Mr. Vignoles for Hanover, Poland, and other parts of the continent; and we learn from good authority, that the result of Mr. Brunel's late visit to Piedmont has been his report in favour of the adoption of the atmospheric principle for the railway from Genoa across the Apennines; and it is said that Mr. Vignoles is preparing to bring it forward for a new railway near London.

Some interesting experiments took place this week on the railway at Wormwood Scrubs, where a long length of the atmospheric apparatus is laid down. This is the fourth or fifth exhibition that has lately been made there; at all of which the experiments have gone off with great satisfaction to the noblemen, members of parliament, and scientific men and capitalists, who have attended in large numbers; and this, notwithstanding the dilapidated state of the railway, and the rough condition of the

whole of the experimental machinery, a state, however, which makes it more interesting to the engineer and practical man, as it proves that no nice adjustments are necessary; and that so far from a perfect vacuum, mathematical fitting, and chronometric movements in the arrangement, being indispensable for safe, rapid, or regular transit (as used to be strongly insisted on), the apparatus worked well with a moderate degree of vacuum, and with every thing as coarsely put together as if there were an intention of trying how to make the invention fail, rather than to shew its advantages even fairly.

British Association.—The preparations for the approaching meeting, we find from the *Manchester Guardian*, are being made with spirit and liberality. The Society of Friends have readily acceded to a request made to them to permit the general evening meetings of the association to be held in their spacious and commodious meeting-house, Mount-street—capable of accommodating about two thousand persons. The promenades will take place in the handsome suite of rooms fitted up in the Manchester Royal Institution and the Athenaeum. Horticultural exhibitions, at old Trafford, excursions, &c. are being arranged. The model-room will be in the Garratt-hall Dyeworks, where a powerful engine will be available for the working-models or machines that may be forwarded for inspection.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

IN our last number we briefly alluded to the presentation of the two gold medals to the representatives of Dr. E. Robinson and Captain James C. Ross, at the anniversary meeting of this Society. Want of space then, and indeed now, compels us to omit a full report of the able address of the president and speeches delivered on the occasion. We subjoin, however, the sentiments expressed by Mr. Everett, the United States' minister. They are, as we before stated, highly gratifying, and will be read with pleasure. Mr. Everett observed:—

"Mr. President and Gentlemen,—I perform a very agreeable duty in appearing as the representative of my learned and ingenious countryman Dr. Robinson, to receive this beautiful medal which the Royal Geographical Society has been pleased to award him for his late valuable work. I beg leave, on his behalf, to make to you, sir, and to the council of the Society, those grateful acknowledgments which are due for this distinguished honour, and for the emphatic and discriminating commendation which you have bestowed on the 'Biblical Researches.' The favourable opinion of the Royal Geographical Society, expressed in this public and authentic manner, will give the character of a standard work to a production which had already been received with no ordinary degree of public favour. I am sure that my learned countryman will feel himself encouraged and stimulated by the Society's flattering notice to the still more zealous pursuit of the studies and researches of which he has already reaped so brilliant a reward. Permit me to say, sir, as the official representative of the United States of America in this country, that the circumstance which has procured me the honour of your kind invitation this day is of the most gratifying character. It affords me high satisfaction that a countryman of mine should have produced a work deemed worthy of these testimonials of approbation, in reference to a land which more than any other on the surface of the globe concentrates the affections of the Christian, that is, the civilised, portion of mankind; a land which, to the interest of a long

series of the most extraordinary incidents and revolutions, going back to the dawn of human history, unites that higher and more sacred interest which belongs to it as the theatre of events, compared with which the vicissitudes of human things sink into insignificance. Allow me, sir, in conclusion, to observe that this act of the Royal Geographical Society will be viewed with pleasure by my countrymen at large. They will consider it as a proof that our two countries, though politically distinct, are regarded by this most respectable association as members of one community of letters; and that you are disposed to cherish and strengthen those good feelings which ought to prevail—and, I trust, ever will prevail—between two nations of common language and kindred blood. This disposition, let me say, sir, is cordially reciprocated by the men of science and literature in America; and on their behalf, as well as that of the individual immediately concerned, I again repeat my thanks for the honour done him by the Society, and the eminently kind and courteous manner in which you have been pleased, Mr. President, to carry their purpose into effect. I shall lose no time in conveying their medal to Dr. Robinson; and I am sure that I have but imperfectly anticipated the grateful sentiments with which its reception will be acknowledged by him."

CIVIL ENGINEERS.

JUNE 7.—The president in the chair. The conversation was renewed upon the subterranean reservoir of water in the chalk basin of London. Mr. Braithwaite exhibited and explained a model of the well sunk by him far down into the chalk for the purpose of supplying Messrs. Reid's brewery with water. It appeared that he found the greatest amount of water to proceed from immediately beneath the veins of flints, and not in the body of the chalk, as had been asserted. When the well had been sunk to a considerable depth, several adits, or drift-ways, were driven laterally for considerable distances along the faults and the veins of flints, to collect the water and convey it to the main shaft, by which means 7,700 barrels of 36 gallons each were enabled to be raised per day; which, if applied to domestic purposes, would afford a supply for 5000 families. Full accounts of the expense of sinking the well, &c. were given; and it appeared that Mr. Braithwaite's views coincided with those of the majority present, as to the disadvantages to be anticipated from pumping up a large supply of water from the chalk in Hertfordshire.—A paper was read on "The alterations of Tullow Bridge, Ireland," by Mr. C. Forth. The bridge had been in a dilapidated state for some time, and the approaches were very inconveniently steep, the ascent being 1 in 7. The paper gave an account of the substitution of flat arches for the semicircular form, reducing the acclivity to 1 in 40, adding to the width at the same time, without building new piers, the whole being done for the small sum of £557. The paper was illustrated by a good drawing, supplied by Professor Vignoles, who enlarged upon the ingenuity of the plans adopted in executing the work.—A paper from Mr. Thomas Oldham, the engineer to the Bank of England, gave an account of the method of numbering and dating bank-notes by machinery in that establishment, and the improvements introduced upon Bramah's numbering-press by his father, the late Mr. John Oldham, and himself. The description was, of course, too technical for general readers; suffice to say

* Printed verbatim et literatim. *Flat justitia, ruit colum!*—Ed. L. G.

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that, by these improvements, instead of, as in Bramah's press, producing only units, and bringing round the tens and hundreds by hand, Oldham's press effects numerical progression from 1 to 100,000 with unerring precision. Mr. Oldham explained that he had carried the machine still farther, and by an arrangement of wheels and palls, with presses properly constructed, could continue printing to an unlimited numerical extent. The communication was illustrated by the model exhibited at the president's conversazione.—The following papers were announced to be read at the next meeting: "On sinking, tubbing, or coffering pits in the coal-districts of the north of England," by R. T. Atkinson. "On iron-sheathing, broad-headed nails, and inner sheathing for ships," by J. J. Wilkinson.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

June 3.—Mr. J. E. Gray, president, in the chair. Dr. J. B. Wood presented specimens of *Carex elongata*, collected at Chorlton, near Manchester; Mr. J. F. Sidney a specimen of *Lycopodium lepidophyllum* from Valparaiso; and Mr. A. Gerard an interesting series of plants from Sierra Leone, collected by Mrs. Blyth. Mr. J. A. Brewer exhibited living specimens of *Ophrys muscifera*, *Aceras anthropophora*, *Orchis bifolia*, *Orchis ustulata*, *Paris quadrifolia*, and other plants from Reigate, Surrey; and Mr. T. Twining a large collection of cultivated species from Twickenham. The reading of the third part of Mr. Lee's paper, "On the Flora of the Malvern Hills," was concluded. The entire number of plants determined and appropriated, by the author, as belonging to the Flora of the Malvern district, amounts to 1438, which are divided as follows:—

Dicotyledonous plants	553
Monocotyledonous plants	173
Total Phanerogamie	726
Total Cryptogamie (for subdivisions see last <i>Lit. Gaz.</i>)	712

The latter class, it is stated, may be extended by research among the mycological productions, whereas few, it is thought, could be added to the former.

At the conclusion of the paper, the president announced that Mr. A. Henfrey had been appointed curator; and that the herbarium might be inspected every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.

PARIS LETTER.

Paris, June 4, 1842.

Academy of Sciences: sitting of May 30.—A memoir, by M. Fleuriau de Bellevue, upon the decomposition of walls and rocks at different heights above the soil, was read. He had observed that the walls of old houses built of cut stone are singularly altered, or quarried, as it were, at about from one-half to 3½ metres from the ground; whilst the upper portions, composed of the same stone, were unaffected. The inquiry as to the cause of this action appeared to M. Fleuriau de Bellevue to be important, not only with a view to the preservation of edifices, but also in other physical and geological respects. He had seen in many places, upon the abrupt sides of hillocks and mountains, &c., lines or marks apparently worn out by the violence of ancient currents, but the erosion of which in reality, or rather in all probability, was due to the same influence as that exhibited in the alterations of the lower portions of old walls. This erosion the author attributed to a chemical action of the atmosphere (analogous to that which is the source of saltpetre), to the emanation of some gas from the soil, which, combining

with the oxygen of the air, would act on the stone as an acid—a combination not commonly perfect nor in full force but within 2 or 3 metres from the ground, the height of the maximum decomposition observed in the walls, and which would have no effect on the moist parts of the stone. To prove his views, M. Fleuriau de Bellevue wished an analysis of the layers of air of the first six metres of the soil to be made.

M. Seguier read a note on the causes of the breakage of the axletrees of locomotives; and M. Chevreul, a memoir on the fat bodies of wool.

The correspondence, with reference to the lamentable accident on the Versailles railway, was numerous. Twenty-one letters had been received, chiefly containing suggestions to prevent the recurrence of so deplorable a catastrophe. They were referred to the commission enjoined to report on this subject.

M. Nacher presented to the Academy some achromatic lenses of a very short focus; one of them was worked into a curve of less than a quarter of a line:—and M. Tavernier, a barometer of a new form, which could be dismounted and remounted easily. These two improvements were referred for examination and report.

M. Lerond forwarded observations on the details of the occurrences of fogs at Paris, but especially with reference to a white fog, having a bituminous odour, like to that which happened on the 17th and 18th May.

M. L. Agassiz wrote that he was on the eve of departure for a new sojourn on the Alps, where he proposes to remain at least for the months of July and August. He will establish himself again on the glacier of Aar. The special point which he proposes to investigate this year is, the dilatation of the ice consequent upon infiltration, and upon the freezing of the water in the fissures and channels of the glacier, which is considered to be the essential cause of its progressive motion. There have been data already collected as to the quantity of water a glacier imbibes, even to the depth of 140 feet. This year he hopes to have the means of penetrating to 1000 feet; and thus to traverse the whole mass to the greatest thickness yet known, and to determine the quantity of water which circulates in the interior of a glacier. Before precise data on this point be obtained, it is impossible to advance a step in the inquiry. As to the fact of the dilatation, M. Agassiz has already shewn it; but rigorous observations are not as yet sufficiently numerous for conclusive proofs, and these he wishes to supply during the present year. The manner in which two glaciers, confluent, adhere, he is desirous to ascertain; and he expects to determine this by the removal of the moraines which cover them. He is likewise desirous to ascertain whether the lamellar structure of the glacier will be as distinct this year as last. To decide to what depth this structure obtains, he purposed digging a gallery into the side of the glacier as far as possible. In concluding his letter, M. Agassiz offers to collect air from heights, if M. Dumas would send him balloons. Thus may be obtained air from a height of 11,000 feet.

The Prefect of Police communicated a table of the daily heights of the Seine, observed at the scale of drainage at the abutment of the bridge of Tournelle, during the year 1841.

M. François addressed the extract of a memoir on the modifications which are exhibited in resisting pieces of iron and steel, and especially in axletrees; on the fabrication of these pieces; and on the means of overcoming those very modifications.

M. de Halidat communicated a memoir con-

taining experimental researches "on vision"—and M. C. Gerhardt one on the transformation of the essence of valerian into the camphor of Borneo, and into the camphor from laurels.

Several other memoirs were received and referred to commission; amongst them were—"new considerations on animal heat, and the remarkable facts they present," by M. D. Parey. On the embryos of the sea-viper (*Synaphatus ophidion*, Lin.) by M. de Quatrefages:—"On the rottenstone of the environs of Privas, by M. Fournet, &c. &c.

M. Forbes (of Edinburgh) was elected correspondent to the physical section. The other candidates were, M. M. Wheatstone, of London; De Halidat, of Nancy; Amici, of Florence; Erman, of Berlin; Matteuci, of Ferrara; and Weber of Göttingen.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

The Rev. A. Thurtell, M.A. of Caius and Gonville College, Cambridge, was admitted *ad eundem*.

Oxford, June 2.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor and Doctor in Divinity.—C. A. Ogilvie, late of Balliol College, Regius Professor of Pastoral Theology, grand compounder.

Doctor in Civil Law.—Rev. A. Grant, late fellow of New College, Bampton Lecturer for the year 1843.

Bachelor in Medicine, with license to practice.—T. K. Chamber, Christ Church.

Masters of Arts.—G. S. Harding, grand compounder, R. Eddie, Brasenose College; Rev. C. J. Quartley, St. Edmund Hall; Rev. A. R. Harrison, Queen's College; Rev. C. W. Bagot, All Souls Coll.; Rev. G. W. Hutchins, Magd. Hall; Rev. D. Jones, Jesus College; Rev. H. W. Plumptre, Univ. Coll.; W. S. Vaux, Balliol College; Rev. E. B. Knottesford-Fortescue, Wadham College; Rev. H. N. T. Busfield, Worcester College.

Bachelors of Arts.—E. B. James, Queen's College; R. Roope, Wadham College; B. C. Kennicott, Oriel Coll.; R. M. Richardson, H. J. Sawyer, Merton College; G. B. Munro, Trin. Coll.; H. Nethercote, Ball. College.

Sir W. Browne's Medals.—On Wednesday last two of Sir W. Browne's gold medals—one for the best Greek ode, subject "Ad dextram de via declinavi, ut ad Perilicis sepulchrum accederem," and one for the best Greek and Latin epigrams, subjects "Is solus nescit omnia," and "Pari incepit eventus dispar," were adjudged to W. G. Clarke, of Trinity College.—*Camb. Chron.*

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

June 2.—Dr. Spry in the chair. On the table was displayed a very remarkable antiquity, unique, we believe, with the exception of a somewhat similar article at Genoa. It is about two feet in length, and pointed with a head of Mars, or an armed warrior in a helmet. The material is of copper, and the use, apparently, to be placed as a figure-head at the prow of a vessel, or the beam (perhaps) of a trireme. It looks as if swimming, and the holes through which the nails to fasten it to the wood were passed are visible in various parts. This extraordinary remains was dredged up by a Neapolitan fisherman in the bay of Actium, where Antony fled from Augustus, or, at least, followed Cleopatra. It is no doubt of that period; and it is probable that, if means were taken, many other things of the same age might be recovered.

Mr. Jerdan communicated the following paper from the note-book of a recent traveller.

"The summer-traveller, approaching Philippi by the road from Kavallo (best known as the birth-place of the first of living Osmannis,) to the inland town of Drama (Drabescus), rejoices to see before him two neighbouring and very interesting objects—a grove, beneath

"This is the first of a series of original Notes which we anticipate the pleasure of giving in the *Literary Gazette*, under the signature "G. R. L.," and we are sure they will highly gratify all our antiquarian and classical friends.—*Ed. L. G.*

whose leafy shade a water-spring finds protection from the thirsty sun's hostility; and a huge square pedestal, whose appearance at the outset seems to give promise of much that will repay the explorer's toil amid the ruins of the fallen city. The chiselled block still stands where the ancient mason fixed it. The names of the commander, in honour of whom the veteran legionaries erected it where two ways meet, still appear in what is yet legible of its inscription, in duplicate. And the inscribed sides are still parallel to the ways which, this fact leaves no doubt, were trodden by the Macedonian in the days of Caius Vibius, as well as by the Roumeliote, who now witnesses the second stage of his country's thralldom. What remains of the legend on the pedestal is as follows:—

C V I B I V S C F
C O R Q V A R T V S
M I L L E G V M A C E D O N I A
D E C V R A A E S V R B I
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" Keeping the Drama road, the stranger's attention is next attracted by traces of the chisel on a ledge of a rock that skirts the right of the way for a short distance. Upon a closer inspection he discovers there niches and beds for sculptural ornaments, and some Latin tituli. Unquestionably it is less gratifying to the philarchist in the land of Greece—the genius and language of whose better sons were so truly tasteful and elegant—to meet, instead of hers, with records left by a less intellectual race, and preserved in a less graceful idiom; but on the site of Philippi, a city of Roman colonists, we

are not displeased to find that all speaks of and in the language of Rome; that the character, the dialect, the very names of men, are all Latin. The inscriptions on the rock inform posterity of the appellatives by which were once known various generous and public-spirited individuals, whose contributions bestowed on the decoration of the way-side are at the same time acknowledged. There is something curious in this ancient subscription-list. Phœbus Apollo was in his fiercest July humour, and determined to interfere this day with the transcriber's occupation. I was exposed very distractingly to the direct and reflected rays of the angry son of Latona. For a time I withstood the attack with some firmness, but at length it succeeded. I had reluctantly to relinquish the warm contest and my unfinished task. A companion, fresh from the cool grove, promised to complete the transcription; but his ardour abated, while Sol's increased, and he abandoned the field without a word. However, I think I have secured four-fifths of the whole. Subjoined is the result of my labours. My Philippi collection terminated here, although I searched industriously for other traces of the letter-cutter's art.

Upper inscription.

CVLTORES	I ISILSAN—C
Q. SACERDOTEM—	OBKTONE . . .
Q. SEDIVSTROCLVSPATR	VARDIONE . . .
SEDIVSVALENS	NPANSO < NO . .
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Right inscription.

P: HOSTILIVSPHILADELPHVS
OBHONOR. AEDILIT. TITVLVM POLIVIT
DESVOFT-NOMINA. SODAL. INSCRIPT. EORM
QVIMVNERA. POSVERVNT AUENSAI SIVS. SACERD
DOMITIVSPRIMI GENIUS STAVAM SIGNVM. AER. SVMMI. CVMBASI
AEREAMSVAMI. CVM. AEDE TVM. VIVV S* IMAR TISCAS. XSVI
CORATIVS. SABINVS AEDEM. DIVMTEGEND. REMISIT
TEGVLAS CCC TECTAS
NVTRIVS. VALENS. SIGILLA. MARMVRIA HOSTILIVS PHILADELPHVS IN SCIN
DVA. HERCYLEM. ET. MERCVRIVM DENTIAS IN TEMILDRE TS—Copied with difficulty

Left inscription.

P: HOSTILIVSPHILADELPHVS
PETRAM. INFERIOR. EXCIPIT. ET. TITVLVM FECIT VBI
NOMINA. CVLTOR. SCRIPSI. ET. SCVLPMIT. SAC. VRBANO. S. B.
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"In the town of Kavalo a couple of soroi serve, as often occurs, for water-troughs at a public fountain. The larger has been reduced to the level of the smaller, and has thereby lost

the upper line or lines of its inscription. The following letters remain, shewing that the Emperor Claudius had, as writers have said, a temple at Philippi.

EGOD
P. IONATVS ET TITVLALICISPONTIFEX FLAMEN DVI. CLAVDIP. III. LIPPIS
ANN. XXIII. H.S.E.
Inscription on lesser Soro.
CORNELIA. P. FIL. ASPRILLAS AC DIVIAE
AVG. XXXV. H.S.E.

"So much for Philippi and Kavalo."

Mr. Osborne's admirable essay on the musical instruments of the Egyptians was concluded (of which we shall give a full report hereafter); and in the meantime refer back to the anniversary meeting, for the sake of giving at length the address delivered by the chairman, Mr. Hallam, on that occasion.

"Gentlemen—The arduous duties belonging to the high office which our president, the Earl of Ripon, has been called to fill in the councils of her Majesty, engross, especially at the present juncture, so much of his time, that he has

been compelled to relinquish his intention of addressing you in the usual course at this anniversary. Another gentleman, to whom the Royal Society of Literature is eminently indebted for his unwearied exertions in its service, our foreign secretary, Mr. Hamilton, is confined to his house by illness, though I am happy to hold in my hands a part of the address which he has prepared, and which I shall soon, with your permission, read from the chair. It has thus happened, that at the last moment I have been requested to offer you a few prefatory words, lest the ancient and laudable

custom of the society should be interrupted.—Among those who have been removed by death from our numbers within the last year are the Earl of Munster and the Rev. Dr. Nott. With the former of these I had not the honour of personal acquaintance; but no one could have lived in the society of this metropolis without having heard much of his noble and vigorous character, his prosecution of useful knowledge, and his desire to render service to his country. At an early age, when Lieut.-Colonel Fitz-clarence, he published an account of his return overland from India; he was an active member of the Asiatic Society, and took a strong interest in its peculiar subjects. Several papers on oriental and other literature, as well as on military science, are understood to have been communicated by him to various periodical publications. A thirst for honourable distinction was always ardent in the mind of the Earl of Munster; and it was probably through the impulse of its own energies, that, at one unhappy moment, his manly reason gave way.—Of another member whom we have lost, the Rev. Dr. Nott, I can speak with more direct knowledge. Dr. Nott was a man of refined taste, cultivated during a long life by every pursuit and every study that can develop and confirm that faculty. To an early and extensive acquaintance with ancient literature, he added a not less copious store from the modern languages; and with these he combined, far more than was usual among his immediate contemporaries in classical learning, a strong and almost enthusiastic sense of beauty in the fine arts. The restoration of the noble cathedral with which his ecclesiastical dignity connected him, that of Winchester, is known to have owed almost every thing to his judicious discernment. It was during his superintendence of this work that he encountered an accident, by a fall from the scaffolding, which irrecoverably shook his constitution, though he lived nearly twenty years longer. Perhaps he might deem it some compensation for his declining health, that it was the cause of his passing several years in Italy,—a country so congenial to his various pursuits, and in which I had frequently the pleasure of meeting him. In English literature the reputation of Dr. Nott, though its foundations had been laid in some theological and other writings, rests chiefly on his Lives of Lord Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyatt. This work displays all the historical research which the subject required, in union with the delicate criticism and the polished style more peculiarly characteristic of the author. If to some there may appear a little exaggeration in his eulogies, especially upon Surrey, what is always pardonable in an editor becomes still more so from Dr. Nott's peculiar admiration for Italian poetry, and consequently his sympathy with a noble poet who had so greatly formed his taste in that school.—It is not principally within these walls that the praise of Sir Francis Chantrey will be expected to be heard. But his name is too great to be passed over in silence where others are commemorated. If he was not prominent in literature, it may yet be said, that his acute understanding and his sound judgment would have enabled him to excel in any pursuit that he might have followed, if nature had not endowed him, in addition, with a peculiar genius that rendered him illustrious in one profession. In the department of sculpture which he chiefly cultivated, that of individual representation, he has excelled every earlier artist in this country; and while he may be said to have founded a school by his example, he has nobly provided

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for its continuance with posterity, by the bequest of his fortune for the encouragement of British art. Those who enjoyed the friendship of this highly-gifted person will attest the social qualities of his disposition, the cheerfulness of his conversation, the entire freedom from jealousy or affection, which made us almost forget the great sculptor in the amiable and benevolent man.—I may now briefly advert to a new feature in the history of the Royal Society of Literature, to which your attention has already been called by the secretary, our publication of a chronological biography of persons distinguished in the literary annals of Great Britain. The first volume of this projected work, as you are aware, has lately appeared, and will be found, I believe, to contain the fullest account of eminent men who flourished during the Anglo-Saxon period, that has hitherto been published. It has been written, from all accessible sources, by Mr. Thomas Wright, of Trinity College, Cambridge; and some members of the council, though not holding themselves responsible for the matters of fact, which of course could not be investigated without almost as much labour as that of the editor himself, have revised all the proofs in their passing through the press. It is for the public to appreciate this biography; and it must depend upon the public, whether the Society shall be encouraged to prosecute a scheme which undeniably might be of considerable advantage to the literary history of this kingdom.* I shall now proceed to read, as the concluding portion of this address, some observations of the foreign secretary on publications which have appeared in the last year connected with the objects of this Society, and which, but for his indisposition at the present moment, he would probably have delivered to you himself. The early attention of the Royal Society of Literature was so frequently called to the antiquities and to the hieroglyphic language of Egypt, that I cannot omit this opportunity of mentioning the completion of Colonel Howard Vyse's great, I might almost say colossal, work on the pyramids of Egypt, the first number of which treats of the great pyramid of Gizeh; he second comprehends the other pyramids in that vicinity; and the third is devoted to those of Abousir and Saccara. It is impossible to speak too highly of the indefatigable exertions made by this distinguished traveller during a great part of the year 1837, to obtain an accurate insight into the construction of these mysterious buildings; and his labours were crowned with a success which surpassed, in that respect, all which had been done by the corps of savants who accompanied the great expedition of the French against Egypt in 1798, as well as all which had been attempted by the earlier and later travellers. The pages of Colonel Vyse's work present a most detailed description of every part of the pyramids, with exact measurements of their principal parts, measurements of their angles, diagrams of the most prominent blocks of sandstone or granite of which they are composed, and a collation from all the best authorities, on the manner and extent to which they were cased with an exterior revetment of one or other of those materials. Our neighbours the French, who were the first to set the example of treating the antiquities of Egypt systematically and scientifically, have not been reluctant to bear their testimony to the merits of our distinguished countryman;

* We are happy to add now, that the rapid sale of this excellent work fully justifies still higher expectations for the future, as the Society proceeds with the Anglo-Norman period and later times.—*Ed. L. G.*

and the Institute of France seized the first opportunity, after the contents of the work were laid before them by their learned secretary, the Chevalier Raoul Roche, to mark their favourable appreciation of its author, by electing him a corresponding member of that institution.—The Biblical Researches of Dr. Robinson in Palestine have excited, both in this country and on the Continent, particularly in Germany, a very high degree of interest. It is the first attempt, and a very successful one it is, to condense into one body the latest and most authentic accounts of that important part of the globe in a historical, scriptural, and geographical point of view.—[But we must reserve the conclusion of Mr. Hallam's interesting address till next Saturday.]

ASIATIC SOCIETY.

On Saturday last, Lord Fitzgerald and Vesey, who had been elected to the presidentship on the demise of the Earl of Munster, in the chair. His lordship briefly expressed his acknowledgments for the honour the society had conferred on him, and his high appreciation of its objects.

It was proposed to the meeting, through Sir Alexander Johnston, that his highness the Raja of Travancore should be elected an honorary member of the society, in consideration of the encouragement which his highness had always given to European science and to education in his own dominions. His highness was unanimously elected by acclamation.

The papers read to the meeting formed a continuation of a valuable series on the mineral resources of Southern India, of which the preceding papers have been read at former meetings, and are now published in the society's journal. Abstracts of them have also appeared in former numbers of the *Literary Gazette*. The first paper read this day was on the gold-tracts; and in this, because of the importance of the object, the writer has cast a cursory glance over the vast extent of our eastern territories, where auriferous deposits are scattered, instead of confining himself wholly to Southern India; at the same time he has detailed only such localities as have not been mentioned by preceding observers, and which he has himself left unnoticed in former publications. It is well ascertained that gold occurs in large deposits in our Indian possessions, from the Himalayas to Singapore, through an extent of above 2000 miles; and it is no less certain that, so far as regards the application of practical European skill, they have all been totally unexplored. Worked by the rude processes of the natives, many of them have yielded fair returns; though it is true that more have been deserted from their supposed poverty. Lieutenant Newbold remarks that this poverty is, more than probably, only external; and instances the Ural mines, which had been so long neglected on the plea of unproductiveness, but which, under the superintendence of experienced miners, now yield a large annual sum to the Russian government.

The first gold-tract noticed is in the South Mahratta country, in a range called the Kupput Gode, between 15° and 16° lat., and 75° and 76° long. The existence of this metal is not noticed by Christie in his valuable paper on the geology of that part of the country. It was first brought to the notice of our government, by an interesting Brahman youth, named Trimalrao, who had been educated by the Rev. Dr. Wilson of Bombay. This native visited the hills in March 1839, with the object of fully exploring them. An account of his jour-

ney was given in the *Oriental Christian Spectator*; and specimens of various minerals were forwarded by him to Bombay, and placed in the museum of the Bombay Society. The gold-dust was found in the bed of a rivulet near the village of Doni, between two and three miles south of Dur-mul. Lieutenant Newbold subsequently found gold-dust in a rivulet to the south of Gudduck, and heard of its existence at other places in the neighbourhood. In all these places it is worked by natives, who proceed to the localities immediately after the fall of heavy rains, when it is found in considerable quantities, being washed down from its matrix in the hills. None is found in the dry season. One man, who employed three gold-washers, informed Lieutenant Newbold that he obtained four rupees' worth in two days; and that he paid half of that sum to the washers, as hire. The annual produce of three rivulets was estimated at 200 ounces of gold. Several other localities were described; and the processes followed by the natives detailed. The paper concluded with some suggestions as to the best mode of searching for the matrix whence the gold-sands must be derived.

The next paper in the series was on the manganese-mines in the above-mentioned range of Kupput Gode, which the writer was induced to visit by the oral report of Trimalrao, hoping to find coal there. The spot was a most sequestered one, surrounded by mountains covered with jungle, and far from any frequented tract. In spite of its situation, which seemed likely to keep it for ever unnoticed, the ore had been examined by the agents of Hyder and Tippoo, who were probably as much disappointed as the writer himself. The discovery and exploration of so remote a spot, which had escaped the researches of Christie and Dr. Marshall, affords a strong evidence of the activity of the Mohammedan monarchs of Mysore.

Lieutenant Newbold is not aware of any other mines of lead in South India than those of the eastern ghauts, between 14° and 17° lat., and 78° and 80° long. The principal excavations are between Cuddapah and Nellore, on the Coromandel coast. They appear to have been known in the times of Hindu dominion, before the Musulman conquest; but have long been discontinued. The excavations now form a lurking-place for the tiger, the leopard, the hyena, and other beasts of prey. Into one of these the writer descended; but after advancing about thirty paces, was compelled to return by the mephitic state of the atmosphere. Portions of the ore brought home, and analysed by the society, contained 85 per cent of sulphure of lead. Lieutenant Newbold is of opinion that these mines deserve examination by some competent European, practically acquainted with the subject.

Mines of corundum are worked about forty-five miles N.N.W. from Seringapatam, and in several other places in the peninsula. The name of this stone in the native language is *corund*, from which, in all probability, the English term is derived. Some details of the mode of working were read; and an account given of the uses for which the natives employ the stone. Some of these mines appear to be rising considerably in value, a native having contracted for the sum of 530 pagodas for one year, while former lessees paid only 250 for the same term. The corundum is purchased at from 15 to 30 measures of 57 oz. each for one rupee. Fine rubies are found, from time to time, in the corundum localities, and associated with it, particularly at Viralimodos and Sholasigamani.

Garnets are pretty generally diffused throughout India. The finest specimens are found in the crystalline and metalliferous areas of Salem and Nellore, and sold at a low price by the native merchants. The beautiful variety called cinnamon-stone is found in the Neelgherries in such abundance, that whole portions of rock are formed almost exclusively of them. A valuable mine of precious garnet is worked near Gharikhet, which has been described by Dr. Vosey in the *Asiatic Journal* of Bengal. These garnets are gently pounded by the miners, in which operation the bad ones are broken; all those which resist the blows are considered merchantable.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

June 9.—Mr. Hamilton in the chair. Mr. Ware communicated a paper "On the various projects which had been made at different epochs for the improving and fortifying Dover harbour," illustrated by a few original papers on the subject dating from the reign of Henry VIII. down to the present time.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Geographical, 8 p.m.; British Architects, 8 p.m.
 Tuesday.—Medical and Chirurgical, 8 p.m.; Civil Engineers, 8 p.m.; Zoological, 8 p.m.
 Wednesday.—Geological, 8 p.m.
 Thursday.—Royal, 8 p.m.; Antiquaries, 8 p.m.; Numismatic (anniversary meeting), 7 p.m.
 Saturday.—Asiatic, 2 p.m.; Mathematical, 8 p.m.

FINE ARTS.

VIEWS IN CORSICA, ITALY, &c.

We have been favoured with the sight of a portfolio of numerous drawings, made within the last two years, in Italy and Corsica, by Mr. William Cowen, who has just returned from an artistic tour in these parts. To say that we have been much gratified, is but faintly to express our sense of the pleasure received. The views in Corsica are particularly interesting, and not the less so from our having so very little of the scenery and remarkable places of that island. Obtained in the midst of police-watching, arrests, imprisonment, and the risk of assassination, Mr. Cowen has been enabled to make perfect sketches, or rather finished drawings (and in a mixed style, with materials of his own invention, between oil and water-colours, producing the most natural and glowing effects) of the most interesting localities made historical by their connexion with the infancy and early life of Napoleon. The house in which he was born; the chamber undisturbed in its furniture and original state; the prospects over the coast and gulf of Ajaccio; a cavern where he was wont to sit for hours and study, &c. &c., are but a few of these attractive specimens. Corte furnishes some superb views; and, in short, the picturesque and the attractive, in consequence of extrinsic associations, are happily blended in this collection, which we trust will be given to the public by adequate engravings, and enriched by the adventures and anecdotes which accompanied so singular a sketching campaign.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

ONE of the most gratifying exhibitions ever collected in this gallery, and one of much honour to our native school, was opened on Tuesday to private view, and is now open to the public at large. The middle and northern rooms are filled with works of the late Sir D. Wilkie; and the southern room with some

admirable specimens of ancient masters; all being liberally contributed by the royal, noble, and wealthy proprietors of these treasures of art.

The northern room contains fifty-four of Wilkie's paintings, from his earliest to his latest time, viz. from 1805 to 1841; and the middle room carries the number up to 130, including, together, the majority of his great and popular pictures.* The Countess of Mulgrave appears to be the possessor of some of his first productions, and original studies and sketches.—No. 55, *The Rent-Day*, 1807, being the principal; Sir T. Baring has the *Alfred in the Neatherd's Cottage*, No. 125, painted in 1806; No. 16 is *The Sick-Chamber*, 1808, belonging to Mr. F. G. Moon, and a striking indication of the style of subjects on which the future fame of the artist was to be built; No. 48, *The Card-Players*, of the same year, is Mr. Charles Bredel's; No. 31, *The Jew's Harp*, 1807, Mr. W. Wells; No. 35, *The new Coat*, same year, Mr. M. Stodart's; No. 20, *The Wardrobe ransacked*, 1810, Lady de Dunstanville's, marks a wonderful progress in colour; *Kept up by the Bagpiper*, 1812, No. 32, Mr. Vernon's; and so we might advance upwards till we came, with few exceptions, such as *Blind Man's Buff*, 1813, to his happiest and most palmy time. Of this period we would hardly venture of ourselves to speak; but we could not but cordially agree with the opinion expressed by a noble connoisseur in the gallery, and one of the best judges living of all that belongs to the fine arts, that from about the year 1820, for about the ensuing six, the genius of Wilkie was at its prime. This was before his Spanish travels, which led to a great alteration in his style, and diverted him from that home-field where he was the greatest and alone. Glancing over the walls, in evidence of this we saw, No. 11, *The Penny Wedding*, 1820; No. 14, *Chelsea Pensioners reading the Waterloo Gazette*, 1822; No. 39, *Sketch for John Knox preaching*, 1825; No. 42, *The Parish Beadle*, 1823; No. 61, *The Highland Family*, 1824; beside which, most of the other pictures failed to fix our eye, and excite our equal admiration.

In portraiture, Wilkie certainly did not sustain the rank attained by his more congenial works; but there are some here of no inconsiderable degree of merit—of that sort of merit which leads to knighthoods, and, better than knighthoods, plenty of commissions! Of the ancient masters we shall only say, that they boast of many of the greatest names in all the great foreign schools; as well as some of the most famous in our own. Altogether the exhibition will be one of the most attractive which the Institution has ever promoted for the encouragement and benefit of art.

SCOTTISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROMOTION OF THE FINE ARTS.

We read with pleasure in the *Edinburgh Courant* that the annual meeting for drawing the prizes of this national association was a very brilliant one, and that it flourishes in an equal degree at least with the institutions of England and Ireland, which have followed its excellent example. Here the committee select the pictures, and append the value; and in the present instance no fewer than 147 were drawn, of

* We have heard that Sir Willoughby Gordon, who is the fortunate possessor of some of Wilkie's favourite productions, stands almost, if not quite alone, in refusing to follow the example of his royal mistress, in lending any of them for this public and national purpose.

which a list, the price, and the names of the fortunate holders, is given. The last year's subscription was £7671.; of which £2301. came from England, 2501. from Ireland, and the remaining £2821. was raised in Scotland. The prizes were from £1. to £301.—the largest being "The Last Gleam of Light," a Highland landscape, by Horatio M'Curloch.

The late George Barret.—An appeal has been made to the sympathies of the public, and particularly to the lovers of genuine art, on behalf of the widow and family of this beautiful artist, who was one of the founders of the Society of Painters in Water-colours, and the son of one of the original members of the Royal Academy. He has left a widow, who had been an excellent wife, two sons, and a daughter, without any provision; as, though he toiled incessantly at his profession, he earned only sufficient to supply their daily wants; and a long illness too, and subsequent decease of his eldest son, whom he had educated as a surgeon, added to his embarrassments, and, it is feared, accelerated his death. His last work, "Thoughts in a Churchyard," in the present exhibition, is replete with mind and feeling, was studied in the cemetery at Paddington, on the site of which once stood the manor-house, the residence of Barret's father in his prosperity, where George Barret's early days were passed, and where his remains are now deposited.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Opening of the Sixth Seal (Prize Engraving, published exclusively for the Guinea Shares to the original Painting of F. Danby, A.R.A.). Engraved by G. H. Phillips.

FORTUNATE would losers in lotteries be, if their blanks should turn out such prizes as this very fine engraving. In it, Danby's terrible representation of six verses, 12 to 17 inclusive, of the 6th chapter of Revelations, is copied with splendid effect. The awful and dismal lights—the dark and appalling masses—the dread confusion and calamity on earth—and the portentous and supernatural aspects of the heavens,—all are wrought out with a power equal to the imagination of the original. The stars shoot wildly from their course, the celestial orbs sink in ruin, the lightnings rend the solid mountain-rocks, and human misery is displayed in every fearful form below. The general idea is grand; and we have indeed to congratulate both painter and engraver on the production of one of the most striking plates of our day.

The Vesper-Bell. Painted by C. Ruben; engraved by J. E. Coombs.

A SWEET and touching boat-scene, in which three persons, a priest, a boatman, and a boatwoman, arrested on the placid sea by the sound of the vesper-bell, place themselves in postures of devotion, and address their prayers to Heaven. It is one of the most pleasing of devotional subjects, and a graceful ornament for any portfolio or room adorned with prints.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE CURE OF BLINDNESS.

It has often been the province of this Journal, during more than the quarter of a century of its existence, and during a period of unparalleled cultivation and progress of almost every science, to lend its best influence towards the knowledge and success of discoveries which promised to promote the well-being of mankind. Among other efforts of this description, the Cure of Stammering by Mr. Hunt obtained

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its warmest commendations; and the result has at length arrived when, after a very few years' struggle, amid all the conflicting claims to mastery over this affliction, the simple and natural system of that gentleman has been called into full practice; and his pupils from every part of the kingdom can bear *viva-voce* testimony to the entire efficacy of his instructions in removing the impediments to perfect speech.

To have a faculty improved or restored is of inappreciable value to man, and especially in all the principal professions and pursuits of civilised life; but even throughout all the grades of society the most important events may hinge upon the possession or non-possession of some common human power. Thus, the other day, the very preservation of our young and interesting Queen did, to a certain extent, depend on the want of ready utterance in the boy Pearson, when agitated by the threatened act of the assassin!* And this has offered a remarkable illustration of the nature of the affection itself, and of the excellence of Mr. Hunt's practice. Young Pearson has attended his lessons since the event alluded to; and with such effect, that, when produced to give evidence on the trial of Francis, we have no doubt in saying he will be able to utter his testimony without the slightest hesitation of any kind, or remaining disorder in the organs of speech!†

A fact like this is preferable to volumes of testimonials, however high, and of arguments, however well supported; but we have only adduced it here for the sake of introducing to notice another momentous discovery touching another sense, with experiments in which we last week felt it to be our duty to make ourselves acquainted.

Three weeks ago—(*Literary Gazette*, 1322)—in a Notice to Correspondents, we mentioned that we had "heard of Mr. (Dr.) Turnbull's Cure of Blindness by the fumes of Prussian acid, but had no personal knowledge of the process;" which notice immediately procured us an invitation from Dr. Turnbull to witness the cases of several patients, from five or six to above twenty years of age, who were under his treatment for this sad calamity. We accordingly attended; and it is not easy to express our astonishment and gratification at what we saw. The various stages of cure, advanced in our presence, by the simple application, for about half a minute, or until a little warmth was felt by the patient, of the vapour of hydrocyanic acid, in a small phial, held up to the eye, with an aperture fitting the form of that organ; the various nature of the diseases so assailed—opacities of the cornea, inflammation, cataract, amaurosis, iritis, &c. &c.; the various stages of relief which the patients had reached, with sometimes one eye opened to sight and pleasurable to look upon, and the other left nearly blind and in its pristine deformity, to shew what had been achieved; the various appearances of films removing, cataracts breaking up and being gradually reabsorbed, pupils being redeveloped, and other altogether extraor-

* Had it not been for the information conveyed from this boy Pearson to Sir Peter Laurie, and by him promptly communicated to the court, it is a fearful probability that the Queen would have perished. To the appointment of equerry (Col. Wynde and Arbutnott), to ride on each side of the carriage so as to cover her Majesty's person, on the Monday, we firmly believe it is, under Providence, owing that the nation have to bless Heaven for the failure of the assassin's blow.—*Ed. L. G.*

† When he endeavoured to tell Sir Peter Laurie what had happened, he could not utter a word; and now, after a few lessons, we have heard him repeat Mrs. Norton's touching lines on the former attempt of Oxford, without stumbling at a single syllable.—*Ed. L. G.*

dinary symptoms of remedy and regeneration, filled us, we repeat, with wonder and delight.

One child had been totally blind from six days old, had been taught to read on the raised letters by the humane system taught in the Blind-school; but it could now see these letters, and—it was a curious phenomenon to behold—could equally read them by touch and by sight! The only difference was a singular alteration in the tone of voice and pronunciation when reading in the two ways; that by the eye being far more natural, and like the usual reading to which we are accustomed, than the other, which was monotonous, and with an air of difficulty even amid the singular readiness acquired by this method.

Other cases there were of the wonderful production of the power of vision to those born blind; but we select the case of a girl 22 years of age, and therefore fully capable to comprehend and to answer any question put to her. In utter darkness for 13 years previously to her coming under Dr. Turnbull's treatment, she now can see her way, and can distinguish countenances and colours.

If possible, a more marked instance of the efficacy of the curative process was exhibited in a young man, who had worked for many years at bookbinding. Inflammation, and subsequent *excellent* treatment, lancing, &c., had rendered him so totally blind, that for some time before, and during the first two or three attendances for the application of the prussian-acid vapour, he was obliged to be led. But he told us, that now he could safely dispense with such aid, and readily discern objects. Soon, we have little doubt, he will be restored to his calling and to independence.

Another most interesting example of the value of this discovery was that of a gentleman from Canada. He had been afflicted in one eye with cataract and blindness for ten years. His remark to us was, that when he first came to England he could not, with the diseased eye, distinguish a cow from a horse. He now with it could mark and recognise countenances, and could appreciate the visible distinctions of a sovereign and a shilling. This he did in our presence, but much more readily after the vapour of the highly concentrated acid had dilated the pupil, and, to a certain degree, even in the short space of time occupied by the action of the vapour, attenuated or dispersed the cloudy coats of the cataract.

Having witnessed and assured ourselves of the reality of these things, we sought the *rationale*, the source of the discovery, and the causes of the effects. Dr. Turnbull's answer was, that the datum which had suggested the first experiments to him was the evidence afforded in all cases of death from poisoning with prussian acid; it was recorded, in every instance, that the eye of the corpse was observed for days as clear and lucid as if still in life. This led him to conceive that the acid exerted a specific action on the eye. He argued that any medicament which produced such a symptom after decease must possess certain powers over the living subject; and he ventured upon his course of investigation accordingly. The principle was speedily developed. The eye and all around it soon dilated and reddened. It was evident that the red arterial blood rushed into the minutest fibres of the veins, and excited a strong action throughout the whole of the capillary processes. Not the slightest pain arose; a sedative influence appeared to be exercised on the nerves of sensation, and even if inflammation existed, it was rapidly removed. The eye, however, pre-

sented all the symptoms of violent inflammation, which is the truly natural curative process, yet without the suffering of the struggle between nature and disease. The humours became quickly and singularly active; by degrees the seat of the disease was assaulted, and a healthful tendency created, either to supply deficiencies or to remove obstructions. By repeating the applications, the cures were completed.

The first thought that suggested itself to us, having no near or dear relative so heavily afflicted, was the restoration to the blessings of the faculty of vision of an amiable and much-beloved prince. Painful operations have been tried with little or no success. Here was, then, a treatment involving no suffering, entailing no distressing consequence, endangering no other faculty; but, to our conviction, ensuring relief and restoration. "Why not at once make known this discovery to the Prince of Hanover?" we exclaimed. In answer we were pleased to be informed that on that very morning four gentlemen had witnessed the treatment, had been, equally with us, delighted with the wonders of the hydrocyanic vapour, and with the hope of cure for the illustrious scion of our royal family. One of them, personally intimate with the king, had expressed his intention forthwith to communicate what he had observed to Prince George of Hanover.

On inquiry what the results might be on old or short sights, Dr. Turnbull laughingly replied, that hydrocyanic acid would soon supersede spectacles; it so altered and helped the vision in either case, that no doubt could exist of its applicability to their relief and restoration. Be this as it may, we hesitate not strongly to recommend the wonderful discovery of the Cure for Blindness.

Geological Soirées.—On Saturday the 4th, the last of Mr. Murchison's (the president's) *soirées* for the season took place at his mansion in Belgrave Square; and was attended by a number of distinguished scientific, literary, and professional characters. To-night concludes the *conversazioni* at the Marquis of Northampton's, P. R. S.

CIVIL ENGINEERS (SOIRÉE).

On Saturday evening last a most numerous and highly distinguished assemblage was entertained by Mr. Walker, the president of the Institution of Civil Engineers. It was the annual *conversazione* given by this able host; and fully equalled in hospitality, in profusion of works of art and models of machinery, and in display of taste in selection and arrangement, any of his former entertainments, to which memory gratefully recurs. It would be needless to attempt in a brief notice to describe a tithe of the varied collection submitted for the inspection of the amateur, the connoisseur, the professor, the sculptor, the architect, the artist, &c. &c. There was something curious to attract every taste. Some we had previously seen, and already brought to our readers' notice; these will be readily recognised in the summary subjoined, as also the several interesting novelties.

The Admiralty had sent a number of their beautiful models of men-of-war, shewing the superiority of the mode of construction introduced by Sir William Symonds and his clever assistant Mr. Edye. Near these were a collection of models of improved marine-engines, by Maudslay and Field, Miller, Seward, and Fairbairn. From among the multitude of other models, may be selected Dockray's self-acting

signal for railways—Mallet's, for raising ships—the Maplin-Sand Light-house, by Messrs. Walker and Burges—bridges, by Gravatt—Roe's arrangements for cleansing sewers—Capt. Reid's water-wheel—Oldham's machine for numbering bank-notes—Palmer's corrugated cast-iron roof—and a beautiful collection of tools, made by Bodmer of Manchester. Cheverton's mechanical carvings in ivory; and Braithwaite's pressed carvings in wood,—exhibited a pleasing union between the fine and the mechanical arts. Dent's astronomical clock, made for the Emperor of Russia, and that with Prof. Airy's new scapement, attracted much attention;—as did also the models of Wilton church and the Cambridge Courts, by Salter, from the designs of Wyatt and Brandon; and that of Ralton's Nelson memorial column, with the simple and mechanically contrived scaffolding with which Grissell and Peto are now erecting it.

First among the specimens of the fine arts must be placed Thomas Landseer's beautiful engraving of the *beautiful* Miss Power: some portfolios of spirited sketches by Nixon and by Oliver, and Tatham's striking likeness of the Lablache, may also be singled out. Bailey's busts of Fuseli and Stoddart, and his model-group of Charity, were admirable: the busts of the president and Mr. Sibley, modelled by J. E. Jones, were wonderfully characteristic.

The principal model-room was too brilliantly lighted by Faraday's light, the same as that which illuminated the throne at the Queen's late fête. Defries exhibited his ingenious dry gas-meter in the same room; and the other rooms were lighted by Wilkins's dioptric lamps, and Cross and Blackwell's improvement upon Palmer's candle-lamps.

The attendance of the council and members of the institution was so unanimous as to point out wherein lay the strength of the body over which Mr. Walker so efficiently presides. The visitors also were very numerous, and many of them of high rank and distinction. The Duke of Wellington made the complete circuit of the rooms, and examined every thing with much interest. Mr. Manby, the secretary, had the agreeable duty of attending his Grace, and affording him any explanation he needed. The guests separated at a late hour, delighted with their reception, and with unanimous wishes for the success of so useful and well-conducted an institution as that of the Civil Engineers, which is fortunate in possessing so hospitable, as well as eminent, a president.

THE DRAMA.

Haymarket.—Anticipation is always so much excited by the announcement of a new play from the pen of Sheridan Knowles, that it not unfrequently happens that many of his warmest admirers come away from the theatre disappointed, having expected too much from his known abilities and experience—having, in fact, gone with highly raised expectations of witnessing another *Love-Chase*, another *Hunchback*, or another *Virginius*; and because a *John of Procida*, an *Old Maids*, or a *Blind Beggar*, is not quite so elevated, the author is condemned, and some of the brightest efforts of his genius are soon passed by and, except by the judicious few, forgotten. In the least meritorious of Knowles's writings there is always something of the good and beautiful, a pureness of thought, harmonious diction, and freedom from the claptrap which disfigures so much of our modern drama. A man who has done so much, who has achieved so great an *all in dramatic*

literature, may well afford to be so various as not to please the mass at all times; and we fear this will be the case with the *Rose of Aragon*, although every way worthy of its author's high repute, and although every scene teems with the impress of a vigorous and right-thinking mind. Then why this want of appreciation? We cannot answer the question; for the *Rose of Aragon* is striking in plot, full of dramatic incident, and contains some as fine poetry as Knowles has ever written: yet it has been received without that warmth which would ensure its long run, and this without any fault in the manner in which it has been put upon the stage, or any thing very glaring in its general acting. Mr. Phelps never had a part in which he appeared to more advantage; and his judicious conception and delineation of the character of *Almagro* deserve our warmest praise; though, in gallantry, we should first have applied these remarks to Mrs. Charles Kean, whose pure and unaffected style of acting told with even more than its usual effect in *Olivia*, which was, from first to last, most chastely performed. But here our praise without blame must end; and what other remarks we may make upon the acting we can incorporate with our extracts, premising that it will be to the advantage of the performers that we should do so. Our first extract is one of Mr. C. Kean's best scenes: this gentleman's declamation was frequently so rapid as to be unintelligible, and, in contrast, was in parts remarkably spirited: he has only to take a lesson from himself in the following scene to become a better actor than he is:

" *Almagro.* Sir!
 Alasco. Saint Iago!
 'Tis come to 'Sir.' The truth is out at last, then?
 'Tis come to 'Sir!' 'twixt you and me! There's chance
 then?

That it may come to blows!—Is there, Almagro?

'Sir!—'tis as clear as day!—It could not be!

The thing's impossible.

Al. What impossible?

Al. That a strong stream should stop with frost, nor
 give

The eye of the observer time to wink,
 Ere what was frost is ice.—I have been basking

In summer, dreaming on a bank of snow,

And freezing now awake!— 'Sir!—

Al. You forgot

I am regent!

Al. You are regent?—Oh, you are regent!

True!—true!—you are another kind of man!—

Of all anomalies, the most outrageous

Is this—that circumstances should make the man

More than the man himself!—just as if men

Were no whit better than the meats they feed on,

Whose value varies by the mode of dressing;

That what, to-day, will bring one pistole only,

By change of cookery brings five to-morrow!

You are regent? 'tis too bad!—the brute, in this,

Fares far more rationally than his master,

For he is rated by his own properties,

And gives rank to kennel—takes none from it!"

Another, and here our praise may be equally divided between Mr. and Mrs. Kean; it was very fine.

" *Olivia.* You remember, don't you,

From long-protracted absence, coming home,

And finding me, whom you had left a girl,

Stolen into womanhood? Stolen, I may say,

For at that stage I had, indeed, arriv'd

Without my father's note, or e'en my own;

So change, by progress still before our eyes,

Is oft-times past, before we dream 'tis near.

Al. That time, Olivia, I remember well!

Then first I felt I was a brother, when

The girl I left, I found not; but, instead,

A woman newly ripen'd? You had on

The gear of other times! 'Twas quite outgrown,

And scantiest there where nature's bounty most

Upbraided lack of fulness! Oh, what thought

Of risks and wrongs, by woman run and borne,

Shot through my brain, succeeding one another

As lightning flashes, when the wekin round

Is thick with thunder-storms!—awakening in me

Tinglings of feelings never touch'd before,

And summoning, almost in palpable,

Distinct embodiment, the household virtues

To pass in solemn, stern array before me—
 Among them honour chief, and chastity!
 I sprang to thee, and o'er thy shoulders threw
 Thy kerchief, snatched from the surprised hand!
 The change pass'd o'er thee then, from frankest joy
 To see me back, to strangest wonderment!
 As, in a moment, burst on thee the thought
 What time had done, thou ne'er hadst an account of,
 Till then reveal'd by that thy brother's act!
 The statue that thou stood'st, except the blush
 Which, prompted by that act, thy heart call'd up
 As 'twere to veil thy cheek, and answer for
 Thy earth-fix'd eye, that life had cast it there!
 I shall be old when I forget the hour
 I threw that kerchief o'er thee!

Ol. (hesitating). Brother!

Al. Well?

Ol. (hesitating). One day—

Al. Go on! what happen'd thee that day?

Ol. (still hesitating). That kerchief—

Al. Well?

Ol. I cannot tell it thee!

I durst not even breathe it to my father!—(Overpowered with confusion, and throwing herself on Alasco's neck).

Al. You need not! Some one pluck'd it off!—Who was it?

Who was it!—fool!—who was it but Almagro!

The flood of light a little chink lets in!

How blind a man may be, yet think he sees!

How fast asleep, yet fancy he's awake!

How may he be cajoled—rob'd—cozen'd—gull'd—

Where for fair dealing he would stake his life,

As free as risk a counter on a card!

With all the odds to back him!—It is clear!

Almagro's heart is rotten!—What have I done?"

Let us give Mr. Phelps an opportunity: the following passage is very fine, and was as finely delivered:—

" *Alm.* Gods, what a giant is the mass in act!

In reason what a child!—I shall be Regent!

They think Alasco traitor! Honesty,

Thou know'st thy thanks! Sweat on!—Alasco is honest;

Means all men fairly, as he means himself;

Is true to the cause; would fetter his own limbs

To give immunity to the meanest man's

That has embraced it!—yet is he a traitor!

Why so should all men fare, who think they live

But for the world, and not the world for them.

I am Alasco's friend!—yes, on the terms

I have been friend to many another man,

To friend myself!—Apart from that, Alasco

Is such a man as jars my nature most:

A trusting lover of the common race;

Looks to another's good before his own;

Never suspects that men may cheat, betray,

Much less that they might swear themselves his friends,

And cut his throat, as I almost could do,

But for this cause, had I no other reason,

That people say, and not his friends alone,

I have fattened on his credit!—For the tax

My pride has paid him there—he shall pay galling!

Yet will I keep awhile the mask on, for

The passion that consumes me, drinks my blood up,

And prompts defiance both of earth and heaven

To compass the possession of his sister!

He is at hand!—how to receive my friend."

Mr. F. Vining has a part which deserves honourable mention for the pains he had bestowed in making a good deal out of very little: let him speak four lines:—

" *Velasque.* I could be friends with him bespoke me foul;

I could be friends with him that gave me blow;

But with the friend who fail'd me in the need

He should, and could have help'd, I'll ne'er be friends."

Mr. Stuart's *Ruphino* was rugged and uneven, with some well-read passages, but not great as a whole; Mr. Holl's *Alonso* was so badly played that he marred many scenes, in which, though he had but little to do, it was worth while to have it done well; and Mr. Howe, as the *King*, wanted the care he used to bestow on much inferior parts.

English Opera House.—The *Water-Witches*, a crew of nice lasses in amphibious dresses, and admirably steered by Miss Murray, has been brought out here with full success. A boat-load of lads go up the river to encounter these *wherry clever girls*; and after sundry adventures, the piece ends with a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether; with which the audiences, or rather the spectators, are highly pleased.

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Covent Garden.—The opera of *Robert the Devil* drew a very full attendance at this theatre on Wednesday evening. The announcement of the appearance of Herr Breiting, a celebrated tenor-singer, naturally led us to look for something above the ordinary tenors we have had presented to us by the German company; but we regret that it is not our duty to record a successful introduction of this candidate for English patronage. It was almost a failure; but we must in justice say, that his personal qualifications were by no means commensurate to the idea all must entertain of the young and dissolute Duke of Normandy. His person is large and inelegant; and there was a total absence of the dignity that ought to be displayed in a royal character. Nor were his personal defects relieved by his musical powers: as the opera languidly proceeded, he made more progress in obtaining the applause of the indulgent audience; yet he did not redeem or overcome the objections we have described. Of Herr Heinefetter and Herr Staudigl it is impossible to over-rate the exertions; the latter, when an encore was demanded, excused himself by an acknowledgment of the plaudits bestowed upon him. Herr Breiting was called for by the strenuous exertions of some few friends; but it was to be regretted that they should have forced him to perform what was almost a mockery. In fine, the opera was dull, and did not go off so well as upon other representations that we have attended.

The French Plays.—Since our last notice Mons. Bouffé has made his bow to an English audience at the St. James's Theatre, and most enthusiastically was he greeted. The heat of the weather would account for the audience being more select than numerous; but there was a very good show of the best company. He appeared first in *La Fille de l'Avare*, and gave a very efficient picture of the domination of avarice over the human mind. In the grand scene of the piece,—that in which the loss of his dearly loved treasure became known to him,—he was most powerful, and elicited unbounded admiration. Nothing could excel his delineation of the miser's despair, his bereavement of mind and exhaustion of body; he sank at one moment under his misery, and then, by an impulse of rage, and presently of cunning, attempted to regain his treasure, with an art that was so true to nature as to make all beholders view the scene before them as a reality. It was a great triumph.

Les vieux Péchés was the piece next chosen to shew the talents of this eminent comedian. His comic capabilities were not inferior to those he displayed in the more serious character. We were highly gratified with his personation of the retired *danseur de l'opéra*. His retention of the peculiar gait of *les artistes de la danse*, and the scene with Madame la Baronne, were highly humorous. Altogether his *début* was most successful; and having received the compliments of the audience after each piece, he retired with every congratulation that he could have anticipated. We must not omit to mention, that the *pas de deux* with Mademoiselle Fagiot was excellent, and deservedly met with an encore.

Exeter Hall.—The second great choral meeting of the classes was held on Saturday. The Dowager Queen Adelaide, the Duke of Wellington, and a numerous noble audience, were present. The selections were similar to those of the former public exhibition, and their performance gave equal pleasure. The final meet-

ing is announced for the latter end of this month.

Societa Armonica.—The sixth and last of these admirable concerts was given on Monday. We need only mention that it was in no way inferior to the foregoing ones, which we have duly noticed.

Hanover Square Rooms.—The selections, vocal and instrumental, for the concert given on Monday morning by Mr. F. Chatterton were chiefly modern. The second, a grand fantasia, by Parish Alvars, was well played by the caterer, as also several other pieces in concert and solo. The Misses Pyne and Madame Heinefetter and Herr Staudigl were the vocalists. The two former are much improved, and kindly sang additional airs in lieu of those selected and announced for Mrs. W. Loder and Mr. John Parry, for whom excuses were offered. Rode's air, with variations, played on the cornetina by Master R. Blagrove, was encored.

On Tuesday Mdlle. Henriette Roebuck's morning concert, at the same rooms, was fully attended. The German company supplied the principal vocalists. Mr. John Parry was included in the programme; but an apology was made for him. Herr Staudigl gave the "O Isis und Osiris," from Mozart's *Zauberflöte*. This air invariably, last season at Drury Lane, procured him an *encore*. It is equally beautiful in the concert-room, and was much applauded. "Vision" (Preyer) was likewise exquisitely sung by the same accomplished artist, and instantly *encored*. The like compliment was paid to Madame Heinefetter's "In silent woe" (Schubert's *Der Wanderer*). The *beneficiaire*, Mdlle. Roebuck, played Hummel's concerto in A minor (first part), and a grand fantasia by Thalberg, so admirably as to entitle her to rank amongst the eminent pianists, and they are numerous, of the day.

VARIETIES.

The Wilkie Statue.—A special meeting is appointed for to-day at one o'clock (Thatched-House Tavern), for carrying into effect the resolutions of the preceding meeting. Sir R. Peel takes the chair; and we believe it is intended to propose that Mr. Joseph should execute the statue of our late lamented artist, and that some annual premium should be founded in Wilkie's name for the encouragement of national art.

H. B.'s three novelties, 730, 1, 2, "Jason sowing the Dragon's teeth," Peel is the mythological hero, and sowing the new Tariff and Income-tax seed, from which the armed heads of Melbourne, J. Russell, and other opponents, are springing. In the next, Peel is King Stork among the frogs; and it is altogether a very droll piece of caricature. Roebuck is in his bill, as the representative of Chartism. Below Lord John is a lamentable King Log, upon whose dead body Coronation Wakley is sitting: Mr. Stork holds the Landed-interest (a splay frog) tight in one claw, and the Corn-law league in the other—its head is already off. The last is a suggested transformation, or a reform of the reformed House. Mr. Roebuck, in the paraphernalia of the speaker, is the "interrogator," whilst the speaker is only trainbearer. It is a clever political satire of the day.

University Polemics.—At two o'clock this day the question of the repeal of the statute of 1836, expressing a want of confidence in Dr. Hampden, the Regius Professor of Divinity, was brought forward in convocation; when, after a debate, a division took place, the numbers being,—Placets, 219; non-Placets, 334: majority

against Dr. Hampden, 115.—*Oxford Herald* June 7.

Italian Architecture.—At the last meeting of the Oxford Architectural Society, *inter alia* Mr. Acland presented a section and view of the church of Assisi, near Perugia, in the Italo-Gothic style. It is a building rich with the works of Giotto and Cimabue, and their scholars. There are two distinct churches erected one above the other, and entered at different levels; below these again is the crypt. Thus is there formed a church as it were of three stories; the upper of which is a very lofty and fine specimen of its style, and the middle spacious, highly decorated, abounding with chapels, and possessing a holy and devotional character.

Phrenology.—In the *Medical Times* of last Saturday are three phrenological casts of the head of Good the murderer, to illustrate a paper by Dr. Elliotson, from which the learned demonstrator contends that the head is in strict accordance with Galv's discoveries. The portion devoted to *intellect* is very small, exceedingly narrow, and *destructiveness* and *cunning* very large; the breadth of the forehead being 4½ inches, and the part over the ears more than 6 inches. His feelings are thus classed—parental love, philoprogenitiveness, cautiousness, cunning (secretness), disposition to do violence, and love of approbation (notice), all at 5; amative ness (sexual love), adhesiveness (friendly love), veneration, conscientiousness, disposition to feed, and disposition to acquire property, all at 4; benevolence, self-estimation, and constructiveness, stand at 3; hope, wonder, imitation, and poetic feeling, at 2—whilst none of the intellectual faculties rank above 3. Parental love is the largest of all, and it is very good-naturedly suggested as a solution, that "Good might have left his wife for Jones with the hope of children, and wished to exchange Jones for Butcher from finding her unlikely to become a mother again"!!! Hear this, O female sex, and beware of fond papas! Better have Saturns who would devour their infants, than Bluebeards who would murder you the moment they fancied you past all bearing!

The Sister of Burns.—Among the appeals to national sympathy and benevolence, the following "Extract of a Letter from Mr. Robert Chambers, of Edinburgh, to T. Carlyle, Esq." has been sent to us, and we willingly give it all the publicity which our journal can give. "A sister of Burns, the last survivor of his father's family, still lives. She is now a widow at an advanced age, and resides at the village of Tranent, in Haddingtonshire, with two unmarried daughters, who endeavour to support her by the exercise of their needles. I lately paid her a visit, and found her a decent-looking old person, with a good deal of the poet's physiognomy, and particularly his fine dark eyes. The youngest of William Burns's children, she was twelve years old at the time when he died at Lochlea, a broken-spirited man. She was one of the household at Mossiel during its occupancy by Robert and Gilbert Burns in succession, and she afterwards married a person named Begg, who for ten years conducted the business of Gilbert's farm of Dunning, on the estate of Sir Charles S. Monteath of Closeburn. Since the death of her husband, her sons being all removed from her, and unable to assist her, she has been dependent on her two daughters, who, though active and most respectable young women, are barely able to keep house for themselves and their venerable parent. In short, the sister of Burns has fallen in the course of Providence into poverty, and her last years are

threatened with those distresses, the dread of which is the theme of so many of her brother's verses. I was much affected on hearing her say that, having in her earliest years been witness of the troubles which loured over her father's house, having afterwards partaken of the hardships at Mossiel, having passed through long married life in circumstances at no time easy, and being now reduced to absolute indigence, she felt as if she had walked side by side with grief from her very childhood. One only alleviation of her fate has sprung from the name of her brother, in the shape of the most trifling annual pittance from the Scottish Exchequer. She was lately a candidate for the benefit of a fund called the Craig-crook Mortification (*Auglice*, endowment); but her application, for the meantime, failed. I am satisfied, from rigid inquiries, that Mrs. Begg and her two daughters are perfectly worthy persons, and that complaint would never have been heard from them, if the most self-devoting industry on the part of the young women were sufficient to keep their mother in comfort. The public is doubtless much taxed; but, on the other hand, some claims are sacred. The poems of Burns daily give delight to thousands, and will continue to do so for ages. His productions wax yearly in public esteem, as time passes on and brings no second Burns. The name of the Ayrshire bard has even been associated by some living writers with those of which England is proudest. While he soars so high, to think of one so near and dear to him as a sister sinking into penury—hearing from a cold ingle-cheek the echoes of a nation's acclaim at every mention of the name she bears—she, the last of the real members of that group which, as a poetical picture, must live for ever in the 'Cotter's Saturday Night'—in short, the sister of Burns—to think of all this, I say, is more than I can suppose the public patiently enduring, burdened as it is." **Messrs. C. S. Monteath, Closeburn, Dumfriesshire; Thomas Carlyle, Chelsea; and John Wilson, Covent Garden Theatre**; as well as Mr. R. Chambers, have undertaken to direct the best application of any fund that may be collected for the comfort of the *Sister of Robert Burns*.

Lord Congleton, better known as Sir Henry Parnell, the author of many publications on political and financial subjects, committed suicide on Wednesday morning by hanging himself with his neckcloth. His lordship was sixty-six years of age, and had been for some weeks in a low state of mental alienation.

Mr. H. Hennell.—By a fatal accident in preparing fulminating powder for the East India Company, Mr. Hennell, of Apothecaries' Hall, was unfortunately killed on Saturday last.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mr. Murray, among a list of novelties, announces *The Bible in Spain*, by G. Borrow, author of "The Gipies in Spain." *History of Josiah*, by the author of "Gideon, the Man of Mighty Valour." *The Jewess*: a Tale from the Shores of the Baltic, by the author of "Letters from the Baltic." *Norway and its Lapps*; with a few Hints to the Salmon-Fisher in Norway, by J. Milford, Esq., author of "Peninsular Sketches," &c.

Ælfric Society.—Another new society has just been projected, under this title, for the illustration of Anglo-Saxon and early English history and philology, of which Lord Francis Egerton is the president, Mr. Hudson Gurney the vice, and a council and number of subscribers, already embodied. The Homilies of the Anglo-Saxon Church, of which a considerable portion (whether translations or originals), are ascribed to the learned prelate by whose name the society is distinguished; to be followed by the Lives of the Anglo-Saxon Saints; the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*; the Works of King Alfred, viz. *His Version of Beda's Ecclesiastical History*—of Gre-

gorius de Cura Pastoralis—and of Orosius; together with such early remains as the society may deem worthy, are on the list for publication.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

A Dictionary of Science, Literature, and Art, edited by W. T. Brande, assisted by J. Cauvin, in 1 very thick vol. 8vo, 31.—The Farmer's Encyclopædia and Dictionary of Rural Affairs, by Cuthbert W. Johnson, 1 thick vol. 8vo, 50.—Merelina; or, Such is Life: a Tale, 12mo, 10s.—*The Rights of the Poor*, in a Series of Letters, by T. Brothers, 8vo, 2s.—Lecture Sermons on the Distinctive Errors of Romanism, by the Rev. W. J. E. Bennett, 3d edit. 8vo, 13s.—Rev. Dr. Wordsworth's Christian Institutes, 2d edit. 4 vols. 8vo, 31. 3s.—The Beauty of Holiness in the Common Prayer, by T. Blise, D.D., new edit., by F. P. Pocock, 12mo, 5s.—Christmas Stories, 5th edit. 12mo, 2s. 6d.—Lectures on the Liturgy of the Church of England, by P. Waldo, Esq., 3d edit. 12mo, 4s.—Meditations and Reflections for a Month, 2d edit. fep. 4s.—My Bee-Book, by W. C. Cotton, M.A., post 8vo, 12s.—The Death of Christ the Redemptor of his People, by A. Marshall, D.D., 12mo, 3s. 6d.—Apologia: Four Letters, by the Rev. J. Newton, new edit. fep. 2s.—The Fame and Glory of England vindicated, by an American, 12mo, 6s.—Poetry and Poets of America, by R. W. Griswold, roy. 3vo, 18s.—London as it is: Original Views, drawn and lithographed by T. S. Boys, with Historical Descriptions, folio, 4s. 4s.—Practice of the House of Lords and Privy Council, together with the Practice of Parliamentary Divorce, by J. Macqueen, royal 8vo, 11. 11s. 6d.—The Ornithologist's Guide to the Islands of Orkney and Shetland, by R. Dunn, post 8vo, 5s.—The Book of British Ballads, edited by S. C. Hall, Part 1, roy. 8vo, 5s.—Sermons, by H. E. Manning, 8vo, 10s. 6d.—Waltham-Sea; or, Conversations in our Parish, fcp. 4s.—History of the Church of Scotland, by the Rev. W. H. Metherington, 2d edit. 8vo, 12s.—Manual of Dignities, Privilege, and Precedence, by C. A. Dodd, 12mo, 9s.—Manuel Etymologique, by C. L. Delle, 3d edit. 12mo, 2s. 6d.—Josephus, and other Poems, by Frances M. Eaton, post 8vo, 5s.—The Enunciations, Figures, and Corollaries of Euclid's Elements, sq. 16mo, 2s. 6d.—Hints, &c., for Authors in Writing, Printing, and Publishing their Works, 8vo, 1s. 6d.—Life of Lieut.-Gen. Hugh Mackay of Scoury, new edit. 12mo, 6s.—Lord Brougham's Character of Wm. Pitt, by J. S. Edison, 8vo, 8s.—France Daguerreotyped; or, the War-Fever, by Capt. Pepper, post 8vo, 10s. 6d.—The Exclusive Claims of Puseyite Episcopalian to be Christian Ministers indefensible, by J. Brown, D.D., fep. 7s. 6d.—On the Revival of Scriptural Principles in the Anglican Church, by the Rev. G. Bird, 8vo, 9s.—Provincial Letters from the County Palatine of Durham, by G. S. Faber, 12mo, 5s.—Ainsworth's Magazine, illustrated by G. Cruikshank, Vol. I. 8vo, 10s. 6d.—Illustrations to the Hand-book for Travellers in Southern Germany, 12mo, 12s.—The Several Editions of the Book of Common Prayer from its Compilation to the last Revision, by the Rev. W. Keeling, 8vo, 21s.—The Simple Treatment of Disease, by J. M. Gully, M.D., 18mo, 4s.—Practical Treatise on the Cure of Diseases by Water, by J. Wilson, 8vo, 4s. 6d.—Little Stories from the Parlour Printing-Press, fcp. 2s. 6d.—Rev. J. Berridge's Zion's Songs, new edit. with Preface, by J. C. Philpot, 32mo, 3s. 6d.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

—Notwithstanding the addition to our paper this week, we must apologise for the non-continuance of the criticisms on the two Water-Colour and Royal Academy Exhibitions; but they shall be resumed in our next. The prevailing taste of the day for embellished publications has induced us, in order that we might fairly represent the works of that class which we review, to give specimens of their engravings as well as of their literary contents. In this No. **Messrs. How and Parsons' England**, and **Messrs. Blackwood's Environs of London**, are thus exhibited; and in our following Nos. some of the finest productions of the kind, both home and foreign, will appear.

We have received, in consequence of our notice in a late Number of the *Gazette* of Dr. Webster's pamphlet, "The Eighteenth Annual Report of the Visitors of the General Lunatic Asylum for the County and City of Gloucester," by which we find that a system has been already commenced there of receiving into the Asylum a limited number of officers in the double capacity of assistants and students—the male being medical gentlemen who have completed their professional education, and who do not entail any expense upon the establishment, whilst they devote their time and energies to its business. This is, we think, an admirable meeting, and, combined with the annual provincial meetings of "the Association of Medical Officers of Hospitals for the Insane," fully bears out the statement of Dr. Hitch, to whom we are indebted for the Report, that, with fewer opportunities, they are not in the country so negligent of what the public require as in the metropolitan establishments.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SALES BY AUCTION.

Very choice Etchings and Engravings.

By **Messrs. CHRISTIE and MANSON**, at their Great Room, King Street, St. James's Square, on Tuesday, June 1st, at One precisely.

(By Order of the Executors).

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Also a few Pictures.

May be viewed the day preceding, and Catalogues had.

The select Cabinet of Pictures of Joseph Delafield, Esq. deceased.

By **Messrs. CHRISTIE and MANSON**, at their Great Room, King Street, St. James's Square, on Friday, June 17th, at One precisely.

THE small but very select Cabinet of Pictures of Joseph DELAFIELD, Esq. deceased, and removed from Bryanston Square.

Comprising two capital specimens of Sir A. Callicot, R.A.; "The Pricked Finger," an admirable picture of Collins, R.A.; "Sterne and the Grisette," by Leslie, R.A.; "St. Edward's Chapel," by Holland; a pair of sea-peices by Rockwood, and beautiful specimens of Wouvermanns, Ruyssel, Old Cup, Van Oss, and a few others.

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A more detailed announcement will appear.—Covent Garden, May 1, 1842.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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“ Wh'll be King but Charlie?”
“ O this is no my ain house,”
“ Can ye be by Atholl?”
“ Loons, ye man ga ha,”
“ Charlie is my darling.”

Part II. “ Johnie Come I,”
“ The women a'e gane wud,”
“ The lassie a'e gane wud,”
“ There are twa bonnie maidens,”
“ Flora McDonald's Lament.”

On WEDNESDAY NEXT, June 15, at Two o'Clock, at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, Mr. WILSON will give a Selected Entertainment, comprising the Gems of Scottish Minstrelsy.

African Civilisation Society.

His Royal Highness PRINCE ALBERT, K.G. President.

NOTICE is hereby given that a PUBLIC MEETING of the Subscribers and Friends to “The Society for the Extinction of the Slave Trade and for the Civilization of Africa,” will be held at EXETER HALL, STRAND, on TUESDAY, the 21st day of June instant.

By Order of the Committee,

J. M. TREW, Secretary.

The doors will be opened at Eleven o'Clock, and the Chair will be taken by Lord ASHLEY, M.P., and Two o'Clock precisely.

N.B. Tickets of Admission may be obtained at the Office of the Society, No. 13 Parliament Street; Messrs. J. Hatchard and Son, 18 Pitts' Buildings; Rivingtons, 3 Waterloo Place, and St. Paul's Churchyard; L. and G. Seeley, 169 Fleet Street; J. Nisbet and Co., 24 Berners Street, Oxford Street; Harvey and Darton, 55 Gracechurch Street; J. W. Parker, 45 West Strand; and Smith, Elder, and Co., 60 Cornhill.

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Notice is hereby given, that Ships will be regularly despatched on the 1st day of every Month, during the present year, to one or more of the Company's Settlements of Wellington, Nelson, and New Plymouth.

In the Wellington district, the sales take place by auction, and an allowance of 25 per cent is made towards the passage-money of passengers arriving from England.

Land in the Nelson Settlements are sold in this country at the price of 300/- per acre, comprising one-half acre, 50 acres of accommodation, and 150 acres of rural land. Purchasers receive passage allowances not exceeding 25 per cent upon their purchase-money.

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Maps and views of the country may be seen, and all necessary information obtained, by application at this House.

By order of the Court,

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New Zealand House, Broad Street Buildings, 19th May, 1842.

SHIPS for NEW ZEALAND.—Notice is hereby given, that the following Emigrant Ships have been chartered by the New Zealand Company to sail from the ports, and on the days undermentioned, viz.—

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OLYMPUS, A 1, 316 tons, from London, June 15th. NEW ZEALAND, A 1, 361 tons, from Greenwich, July 1st.

For Wellington.

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Notices of this work have appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for January, 1840, and *the United Service Gazette* May 14, *Court Journal* May 14, *Gardner's Chronicle* May 14, *Globe* May 17, *Atlas* May 28, and *Athenaeum* June 4.

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